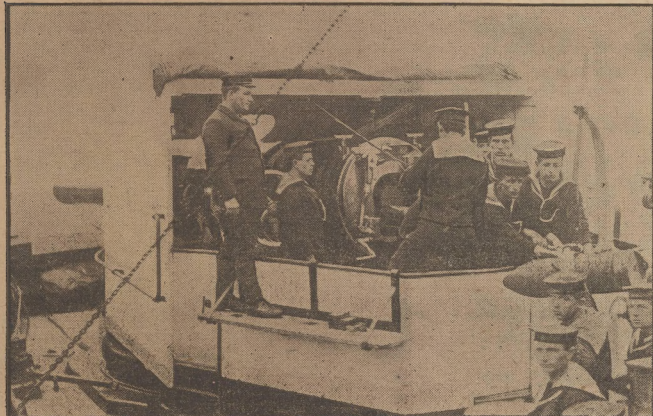


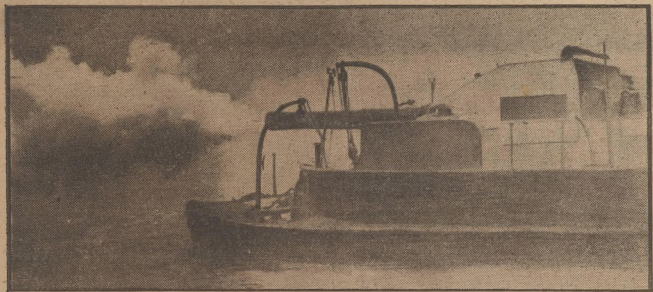
"PUCK" IS OUT TO-DAY AND IS AS JOLLY AS EVER.

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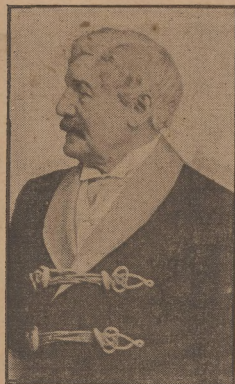
Daily Mirror

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FOUNTAIN PEN.****No. 266.**Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.****One Halfpenny.****SCHOOLING THE NAVAL GUNNER.**

Three bluejackets lost their lives at Portsmouth as the result of a gun exploding on the gunboat Comet, attached to the Excellent Gunnery School. Our photograph shows a gunnery class of the Excellent School receiving instructions in loading a naval gun on board an old gunboat.



Firing practice by men of the Excellent Gunnery School at Spithead.—(Photographs by Cribb, Southsea.)

**DEATH OF A VETERAN
ACTOR.**

Mr. John Billington, the well-known actor, who has passed away at his residence, at Highgate, at the age of 76. — (Elliott and Fry.)

THE FRENCH CHAMPION.

Mr. Thomas William Burgess, the French long-distance swimming champion, who made such a plucky attempt to cross the Channel on Wednesday, giving up after swimming for nearly nine hours. His failure was due to the roughness of the sea, which compelled him to leave the water when within five miles of his goal.

DEATH OF "OLD DEIBLER."

M. Deibler, the famous Parisian executioner, passed away yesterday. "Old Deibler," as the Parisians called him, with his dilapidated silk hat and shabby umbrella, was one of the most famous characters in Paris. Here you see him standing by the guillotine in one of his most characteristic poses; his portrait appears in the top corner.

RUSSIAN BARRACKS AT MUKDEN.

The Russian Infantry Barracks at Mukden, where General Kuropatkin has taken up his temporary headquarters.—(Photograph by Mr. Angus Hamilton, war correspondent in Manchuria.)

The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

Battle Raging at Sacred Mukden.

HARASSED RETREAT.

Struggling Rearguard Still in Constant Danger.

An important battle is raging before Mukden, the old city which contains the tombs of the ancestors of the ancient Manchu dynasty.

Two Russian army corps are attempting to hold General Kuroki's forces in check, while General Kuropatkin is retiring with the main body towards Tieling, forty miles north of Mukden.

The Russian army is concentrated around Mukden, according to another report, and its rearguard, which extends seventeen miles southwards, is in constant contact with the enemy.

General Kuroki has twenty-seven miles to the east of the railway on Wednesday night, according to a dispatch from General Kuropatkin, while General Oku's forces were twenty miles to the west, so that the position of the retreating Russians is still one of extreme peril.

General Kuropatkin is apparently endeavouring to repeat the clever tactics which enabled him to extricate the main body of his army from Liaoyang, but that he will succeed is still doubtful. A few hours will show how far the Japanese have succeeded in rounding up the Russian forces prior to another fierce battle.

Wild rumours are current in St. Petersburg to the effect that General Kuroki has been killed, two Japanese Generals made prisoners with their forces, and that the Japanese army have suffered a defeat, but no credence need be attached to them.

Another attack was made on Port Arthur on the 3rd inst., when the Japanese were repulsed after three hours' fighting.

Firing was renewed on Wednesday.

70 SHELLS A MINUTE.

Russian Troops Fall Asleep on the Firing Line.

Details of the three days' terrific bombardment of Liao-yang have arrived.

An American correspondent telegraphs: "The Russian defence was heroic, and entire battalions were annihilated."

"While the wounded were being removed from the hospitals, one Sister of Mercy was killed and seven sisters were wounded while actually dressing the wounds of men who had fallen in the streets near the railroad station, where the concentrated fire was hottest."

"The heroism of the sisters was magnificent. They tore their skirts and used them as bandages for the wounded, and themselves carried the stricken men from the zone of fire and out of the burning buildings."

"The scenes in the field with General Kuropatkin's army were awful. The soldiers were so completely worn out that they dropped asleep on the firing line."

"The Japanese kept up a heavy and incessant artillery fire. From one position alone I counted seventy shells in a minute."

JAPANESE FORCE CUT UP.

PARIS, Thursday.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Journal" telegraphs under yesterday's date:—

"In the course of last night, Cossack cavalry cut up a strong detachment of Japanese which had ventured within ten versts (seven miles) of Mukden."—Reuter.

JAPANESE CAPTURE 97 GUNS.

ROME, Thursday.

On the way to Mukden the Japanese captured 132 wagons containing victuals, and thirty-eight others loaded with ammunition. They also took ninety-seven field cannon, mostly unspiked, and several thousand rifles, revolvers, and swords.—Exchange Telegraph Co.

ELEVEN HOURS' DAILY SHELLING.

PARIS, Thursday.

An American military attaché, who recently left Port Arthur, states that the Japanese bombardment of Port Arthur continues with singular regularity, beginning at six in the morning and proceeding till noon, and recommencing at two in the afternoon and lasting till seven o'clock.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

JAPANESE ATTACK CONVICT ISLAND.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.

Two Japanese cruisers bombarded Korsakovsk (Saghalien), a Russian convict settlement yesterday, and fired torpedoes at the sunken cruiser Novik. No attempt was made at landing. Korsakovsk is defended by coast batteries.—Reuter.

Desecration of a Royal Prince's Grave.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN PAINED.

A dastardly outrage committed at Pretoria has caused great pain to Princess Christian.

The Princess is making a pilgrimage to the grave of her son, Prince Christian Victor, who fell in the Boer war. Yesterday morning (says a Reuter telegram), it was discovered that the grave of Prince Christian Victor had been disturbed.

The depredators took tools from the cemetery tool-house and dug into the grave till they had reached the slab covering the coffin, when apparently they were disturbed and decamped.

No damage was done apart from the violation of the grave. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the outrage.

Princess Christian, accompanied by Princess Victoria, will arrive at Pretoria on the afternoon of Thursday, the 22nd inst., when there will be a reception, and addresses will be presented.

On Friday the Princess will visit the grave of her son, and the rest of the day will be spent quietly.

On Saturday Princess Christian will lay the foundation-stone of the Indigent Home and open a new park and a bazaar. Sunday will be spent quietly, and on Monday their Royal Highnesses will leave for Johannesburg.

Princess Christian and her daughter will be the guests of General Sir H. Hildyard during their stay at Pretoria.

MORE DEADLY THAN DUELS.

French Shooting Parties Prolific in Disaster.

The French papers just now teem with fearful and wonderful shooting accidents from all parts of the Republic. To go out with a French shooting party is much more risky than fighting half-a-dozen French duels.

From Nîmes comes a horrible case of a man who, dropping his gun, not only wounded but set fire to himself. He walked a kilometre, bleeding horribly, with his clothes still burning. At last he fell down, and lay burning until rescued by passers-by.

From Lyons comes the account of a man shot in the head. At Nancy, Baron Hulot was wounded in the heel through his dog knocking over his gun, which stood against a tree. A senator has wounded a friend at Rouen. A M. Lemaître shot his brother-in-law dead, and has only been prevented from committing suicide with great difficulty. A civil engineer of Paris has killed a baker at Compiègne.

DOLL-PLAY IN EARNEST.

How the Japanese Were Taught with Wooden Guns.

So long ago as 1867 the Japanese learned the first principles of the art of war from an English instructor at Yokohama.

Sir Harry Parkes then represented Great Britain at the Mikado's Court, says the "Times" correspondent at Tokio, and, being given the necessary permission, ten Japanese began their course of instruction.

Everything, therefore, had to be done with toy models, the mats of a small room in a Japanese lodging-house serving for exercise ground. There, day after day, these grave Samurai met and pored over the intricacies of battery and brigade drill, performed with fragments of wood resembling the contents of a Noah's Ark.

What added to the mystery of the exercise was that not one of the ten men could speak a word of English, that the speech of several of them was mutually unintelligible owing to differences of province, and that their teacher had been only a few months in the country.

DIFFICULT POST FILLED AT LAST.

Prince Sviatopolk Mirski has been appointed Russian Minister of the Interior, in succession to the late M. de Plehve.

He is the son of one of the most brilliant generals in the reign of Alexander II., and is regarded, says Reuter, as a man of enlightened views and high administrative capacity.

MRS. MAYBRICK IN SOCIETY.

NEW YORK, Thursday.

Mrs. Maybrick made her first appearance in society yesterday when she attended a garden party at Cragsmore, in the Catskills.

At first she appeared nervous, but later she displayed the greatest animation, conversing freely with the guests, who all seemed charmed with her amiability.—Laffan.

Gaol Smoked Out by Burning Tar and Feathers.

NEW YORK, Thursday.

At Huntsville (Alabama) a mob numbering about four thousand disarmed the soldiers who were guarding a negro murderer, Maples, and then smoked out the soldiers inside the gaol by burning tar and feathers.

They set fire to the building, so that the prisoner was driven to jump from a window. He was at once seized, hurried to the square before the court-house, and hanged. His body was riddled with bullets.

The mob was so great it was impossible to bring more soldiers to the scene in time to prevent the lynching. Some prominent men appealed to the leaders to let the law take its course, but no attention was paid to them.—Laffan.

RACE DELAYED BY FIRE.

Singular Incident at the Doncaster Meeting.

Frost, fog, rain, and drought play their part in interfering with horseracing in a greater or lesser degree, but it has seldom happened that fire has caused a race to be postponed.

This was the case, however, at the third day of the Doncaster meeting. About half-past eleven yesterday morning the rifle butts which lie at the edge of the racecourse were found to be on fire. Built of disused railway sleepers, the structure was rapidly in a fierce blaze.

It was not till nearly two o'clock, the hour set for the first race to be run, that it was seen that racing might be interfered with. The Alexandra Plate, the race in question, is run over a distance of a mile and a half, and as the horses would have to pass close to the burning pile it was found necessary to postpone the event.

A fire-engine arrived on the scene, and by half-past two, when the next race was to be run, the flames had been practically extinguished. Racing then proceeded without further interruption, and the Alexandra Plate was run at the end of the day.

FIGHTING GHOST.

Struggle with a Spectre in White Grave Clothes.

A Glamorganshire resident has had a fight with a ghost which haunts an abandoned colliery.

He was walking at midnight near the place when he saw a tall, cadaverous figure. It was shrouded in white, and the covering clung to its frame like grave clothes.

The head was like a death's-head covered with wrinkled parchment; the eyes were hollow sockets, in which was a cavernous glow. Suddenly the ghost came towards the trembling pedestrian and clasped him as though in a vice. He seemed unable to grasp anything solid; but, on the other hand, the ghost held him with the grip of a prize-fighter. At last with a frantic effort he wrested himself free, and the ghost disappeared.

HARMONIOUS BRICKLAYER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Thursday.

Quite by accident the well-known singer, Frau Ottilie Metzger-Froitzheim, discovered that a mason, who was executing repairs in her house, has a marvellous tenor voice.

Whilst he was working he began to sing, and Frau Metzger-Froitzheim was so struck by the purity of his tones that she has undertaken to bear the expense of his training. He is now at Berlin studying hard.

LONDONERS IN A MOTOR SMASH.

After descending a hill in Wicklow, last evening, a motor containing Mr. and Mrs. Gray, of London, another lady, and the chauffeur, turned over and was smashed.

The chauffeur was terribly injured, and fears are entertained for his recovery. Mrs. Gray was also seriously injured, but the others were not much hurt.

SAVED BY A VISION.

A Hereford upholsterer, found in the road ten miles from home in a dying condition, had cut his throat while sitting on a heap of stones.

After the deed, he said, he saw a vision of his dead mother, and was so frightened that he commenced to run away, but fell down exhausted after three miles.

Mr. James Lowther, M.P., was reported yesterday to have rallied considerably, and gained strength.

English Dreyfus Case To Be Thrashed Out.

COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

Nation's Demand for Justice at Last Met.

At last the Home Office has responded to the country's demand that the case of Adolf Beck, who served a term of penal servitude for offences he never committed, shall be fully and frankly investigated.

A committee has been appointed by the Home Secretary to inquire into and report to him on the circumstances of the convictions of Mr. Beck, both in 1896 and the present year.

The names of the members of the committee are in themselves a full assurance that the inquiry will be impartial and thorough. They are:—

The Right Honourable Sir Richard Henn Collins, Master of the Rolls (chairman).

Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B.

Sir John Edge, K.C., Member of the Council of India, and late Chief Justice of the High Court of the North-Western Provinces.

Sir Richard Henn Collins is one of our greatest jurists. He has been a Privy Councillor since 1897, and Master of the Rolls since 1901. He was an arbitrator in the Venezuelan Boundary question in 1897, and before his appointment to succeed Lord Esher as Master of the Rolls had been for four years a Lord of Appeal.

Sir Spencer Walpole has occupied various official positions, including those of Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man and Secretary to the Post Office. He has written many works of biography and political science.

Sir John Edge, who first rose to prominence at the Irish Bar, was for twelve years one of the most respected of our Indian Judges, and since his retirement has been living at Camberley.

The case may safely be left in the hands of these three gentlemen.

WHAT THE COMMITTEE MUST DO.

As the public are well aware, Mr. Beck has patiently waited several weeks after his innocence had been officially recognised, for the full inquiry into his case, which he rightfully claimed as his due.

Some time ago the injured man, who has come to be regarded as the Dreyfus of England, was offered £42,000 as compensation for the cruel wrong that had been done to him by a maladministration of police law.

He declined that sum as ridiculously inadequate, and a unanimous chorus of public opinion supported him in this. The "Daily Mail" came forward with the substantial encouragement of guaranteeing Beck the £42,000 if the Government refused to repeat or increase their paltry compensation.

Never in the criminal annals of the country has any case so deeply stirred the nation.

The thought that Adolf Beck should have suffered five years' penal servitude for an offence committed by another shocked the public conscience, and gave rise to a general outcry for a thorough inquiry into the case, with the object of dragging the perpetrators of this iniquity to justice, not only in the interest of Mr. Beck, but to ensure the safety of the general community by correcting our police methods of securing convictions.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the committee now appointed will make the most searching investigation, and make it impossible that there should be any repetition of such a gross miscarriage of justice in future.

AMBASSADOR GOES TENT-PEGGING.

LENEX (Mass.), Thursday.

A gymkhana, arranged by the secretaries of the British Embassy, has been held here in aid of the Women's Hospital, for which object 1,000 dol. were raised.

One of the features of the gymkhana was the riding of the British Ambassador, Sir H. Mortimer Durand, in the tent-pegging contest.—Reuter.

£15,150 A TON FOR POTATOES.

Colossal prices were realised for potatoes at Bolton yesterday.

Sixty of the new "Pearl" variety fetched £13 10s., working out at £15,150 per ton.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Fresh south-westerly (breezes); changeable and cool; showery at first, fair later.

Lighting-up time: 7.31 p.m.

Sa passages will be rather rough to moderate generally.

LIVED BY DEATH.

Executioner Who Cut Off Five Hundred Heads.

HIS LITERARY AMBITIONS.

The death is announced, our Paris correspondent telegraphs, of Deibler, the famous executioner. "Monsieur de Paris" was always the object of public curiosity. Apart from the morbid interest attaching to his calling, his singular appearance forced attention upon him. A little lame man, of insignificant physique, with repulsive features, he was invariably wearing, when he appeared in public, a black surtout and a dilapidated hat, a relic of the fashion of 1848. From beneath this pair of villainous eyes peered out over a hooked nose and sensuous lips.

The Fatal Button.

It is computed that during the forty years Deibler was employed as executioner he took part in five hundred executions. The actual number of times he touched the button which released the guillotine blade was probably much less, as for the first twenty years he played the part of assistant. He was initiated in his duties at the execution of M. Rateau, who had been a judge of the criminal court.

For some time he was in Algiers acting as first assistant to Rasseuf, whose daughter he subsequently married. One morning Deibler strapped no fewer than fifteen Arabs under the knife of "The Widow," as the guillotine is termed in the slang of the French criminals.

The first execution undertaken by Deibler after his promotion to the chief post in 1870 was that of Le Prade, who killed his father, mother, and grandmother. The murderer fought like a demon with the executioner before he was finally dispatched. "Father Deibler," marked his retirement on December 31, 1898, by executing Vacher, the French Jack the Ripper.

Grim Talisman.

He drew a salary of £240 a year, with an allowance of £400 for housing the guillotine, and very liberal travelling expenses. He had many exciting experiences. On one occasion after an execution in Corsica, he had to be carried to his ship in a basket to avoid the hostility of the people. He put great faith in a talisman in the form of a piece of rope with which a murderer was hanged in France. This he always carried with him.

Deibler's vanity was inordinate. He was ambitious to pose as a man of letters, and once explained that he accepted the post of executioner chiefly because it offered leisure in which to write literary treatises.

On his retirement he was succeeded by his son Anatole, a young man noted for the elegance of his personal appearance.

HOAXING TRADE UNIONISTS.

Thought They Were Entertaining a Lord Unawares.

The routine business of the Trades Congress at Leeds was yesterday amusingly relieved by a telegram, addressed to "Lord John Strutt."

The receipt of it was announced by Mr. R. Bell, M.P., the president, who remarked that that was probably the first time the congress had had a lord in its midst.

Nobody in the hall had ever heard of such a peer, and the congress was not furnished with a "Burke" or "Debrett" for reference.

It turned out that the telegram belonged to a member of the congress, who did not care to claim it publicly.

The general surmise was that some wag had prefixed the title "Lord."

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, JOURNALIST.

On October 1 "The Young Man" begins another new era, when the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, begins his editorship of the journal.

The new editor announces that he will not advocate any particular social panacea, but will start with a "sort of profession of faith, a psychology of my religious views."

EXILES IN PRAYER.

The members of the Orleans family arrived at Weybridge yesterday morning to be present at a mass for the repose of the soul of the late Comte de Paris on the tenth anniversary of his death.

At the conclusion of Mass a visit was made to the vault where the late Comte is buried.

Tell-tale drops of milk on the moustache of Wm. Silco, an ex-army man, led to his arrest for stealing early morning milk, for which offence he was at Brentford yesterday fined 5s.

STACKING THE "PIRATES."

How the Russian Cruisers Were Run to Ground.

How the Russian "pirates" were found is graphically told in a Reuter special message from Zanzibar.

At three o'clock on Tuesday morning his Majesty's cruiser *Forde* observed in the dim morning light the masts of two suspicious steamers in Menai Bay, South Island. They proved to be the Russian "volunteer" cruisers *Smolensk* and *Petersburg*, and they weighed anchor.

The *Forde* thereupon ran up the signal "Have important dispatches," and the Russian cruisers dropped anchor again. A boat was sent from the *Forde* carrying the Russian cypher telegram and the British Agent's formal protest, embodying the demand of the British Government, calling upon the Russian cruisers to desist from interfering with neutral shipping.

Captain Dundas impressed upon Captain Skalsky the necessity for prompt departure, and the Russian captain, whose manner was most courteous, stated that they would leave forthwith.

Salutes were exchanged, and altogether the meeting between the British and Russian captains was most cordial.

When they had left and were about seven miles off a steamer was sighted steaming towards their anchorage. She proved to be the collier, and is believed to be the Hamburg-American liner *Holsatia*. She altered her course, and the Russian cruisers did likewise.

CANDID PRINCE OF SIAM.

Shocked at the Way Londoners Neglect the Thames.

Prince Hsarakong, of Siam, who is visiting London at present, talked of many things with a *Mirror* representative yesterday.

As a sub-lieutenant in the Russian Army, he felt sure that the Russian soldier was the best in the world.

The Russian officer was very different to the English or German officer. Some were refined men, but others were rude boors, said the candid Prince of Siam.

London's neglect of the Thames grieved him. He marvelled at many others do, that the noble river was not more used for passenger traffic.

For the benefit of those who have steamboat schemes on hand, he expressed the opinion that waterways were more economical than roadways.

"KUROKI" SMITH.

Many London Children Are Being Named After War Heroes.

That there is something in a name nobody seriously doubts. The war has proved a blessing to English parents who like their children to have distinctive or distinguished names.

As an initial, coming before Jones, Smith, or Brown, "K," for Kuroki, Kamimura, or Kuro-pakin, certainly gives distinction.

"I dissuaded," said a curate yesterday, "a Battersea father from christening his boy 'Kamimura.'"

"Not that I have any personal objection to the name, but too often parents saddle their children with names which in after life become distasteful."

In spite of curates, however, a goodly crop of little Okus, Kurokis, and Togos are in the throes of teething and the mumps at the present moment.

A glance at parish registers reveals the fact that "Oku Kuroki" is a popular combination, "O.K.," of course, meaning "all right."

In the 1904 crop of suburban villas are also many houses named after Japanese commanders.

TRAMS BEAT TRAINS.

British tramways now carry more passengers than railways.

A Blue-book, issued yesterday, states that in every year since 1900 the number of tramway passengers has exceeded the number of third-class railway passengers.

Last year tramways carried 1,681,940,000 passengers, as against 1,066,205,000 third-class railway passengers, an increase of 287,490,000, or 20.6 per cent.

WHERE WOMEN ARE WANTED.

At the annual conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association yesterday, at Bournemouth, Mr. Isaac Young, of Battersea, claimed that the association had been instrumental in a great reduction in the death-rate.

The existing infant mortality was a blot on the escutcheon of the country, and female inspectors could most effectively deal with that evil.

The Havel, which runs through Berlin and Potsdam, is at such a low ebb now that boys are paddling in the bed of the river.

WIVES FOR SALE.

Irish Lady Speaks Her Mind on the Subject.

The young man of Belfast, with 30s. a week, who advertised a wife for sale because she claimed 28s. of his wages, is having some very uncompromising things said of him by the women of the Ulster capital.

He nicknamed his wife "Evergreen," and a *Mirror* representative ransacked all Belfast for the lady yesterday in vain.

He called at "Evergreen's" supposed address, but the door was locked. Then the lady came who managed the household.

"No," she said, "I do not know 'Evergreen' or her pet husband. I know lots of men like him, though."

"You want to know what the lady would say to such a letter? Well, I can tell you. She would pack the man and his miserable 28s. a week into the street."

"If I knew him, no one else would the next time they saw him. There are too many men like him in this world—spending every penny they can get on cigars and cigarettes!"

"My husband gets 30s. a week, but there isn't 28s. of it left by the time he gets home on Saturday night."

"Evergreen's" champion then closed the door with a bang.

CHANNEL CHAMPIONS.

Burgess Knows a Man Who Could Swim to France.

Burgess, the swimmer, who made so gallant an attempt to cross the Channel, arrived in London yesterday by the mid-day train from Dover.

Interviewed by a representative of the *Mirror* he said that his experience of the previous day had caused no ill-effects except those due to sun-burn.

Before his three attempts to cross the Channel the longest swim he had ever made was the 4,000-metre race in Paris in 1900. On that occasion he finished fourth to the English swimmer, Jarvis.

Believe Jarvis could swim across the Channel," said Mr. Burgess, "for he is the finest swimmer I have ever seen."

"I think I will get across myself next summer, but if I should fail it will not be for want of trying."

"My next attempt will be made in the July of next year, and I wish to feel no better on that occasion than I feel to-day."

DARK SECRETS OF CHEAP WINE.

Nobody Knows Why Blood Is Found In It.

"The adulteration of cheap foreign wines," said a dealer yesterday, "defies chemical analysis. There are secrets handed down from father to son for generations."

A *Mirror* representative failed to obtain any explanation of the presence of bullock's blood in port wine, reported in a case before the Clerkenwell Sessions.

"There is more in that than meets the eye," said one dealer. "I should think it was put in the wine for some specific purpose, and that not a good one."

The danger of drinking the very cheap-French and German wines, retailed at eight shillings per dozen bottles, or given away with 1s. 6d. lunches at certain Soho restaurants, was pointed out by a City merchant, who remarked:—

"People complain of indisposition after drinking this stuff, but they never attribute it to the wine. The food is always the scapegoat."

WARSHIP LAUNCHED ON THE TYNE.

A new vessel for the protected fleet was launched from the shipyard of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle-on-Tyne, yesterday.

The ship was christened *Adventure*, and will be armed with a 12-pounder, eight 3-pounder quick-firing guns, and two torpedo tubes.

FRUITARIAN'S LONG TRAMP.

Mr. G. H. Allen, the man who walks on fruit, has covered in nine days 430½ miles of his tramp from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

He is now two days in front of the record, and says he does not feel in the least degree tired or footsore.

The German Crown Prince has lodged a protest against the assessment of his hunting-box in Oels.

"He had far better return to his painting, as formerly his pictures attained a high measure of popularity," says the Paris "Figaro," on Holbein's Channel swim.

REAL "SHAM" WAR.

"Blues" Run Short of Food and Tobacco.

"WORSE THAN AFRICA."

The "Blue" army has so far proved more than a match for the "Red" army.

Under General French the "Blue" invaders yesterday captured Colchester, and, resting on their laurels, the whole of French's force, numbering 12,000, with horses, guns, and stores, encamped last night at Middlewick.

Thus surprised, the "Red" army fell back upon Lexden and Waynes Cone, with Baintree as a base. By request of the Duke of Connaught, an armistice was declared until six o'clock this morning.

The capture of Colchester was effected by General French's characteristic dash. Approaching the town from the east, he attacked the rearguard of the "Reds" and captured a number of Suffolk, and General Graham, in the streets of the town.

No Coddling Arrangements.

The manoeuvres have proved anything but a "sham" in several important respects. Those responsible for the arrangements have certainly been at no pains to coddle Tommy Atkins.

It rather appears as though the intention was to give the men a taste of the privations incidental to the game of war played in earnest.

From the time they left the transports the "Invaders" had a decidedly uncomfortable time. Presumably with the object of hardening them, the men were kept up all Wednesday night, except for a two hours' nap by the roadside.

Having breakfasted aboard ship early on Wednesday morning, their next hot meal was some tea, bully beef, and biscuits at noon yesterday.

At Middlewick Camp the men, horses, guns, wagons, ambulances, and mules were mixed up in a bewildering state of confusion.

For lack of tents the 4th Brigade and the cavalry lay on the wet grass, with nothing to eat, and, worse still, nothing to smoke.

Tobacco Tenpence an Ounce.

On board ship tenpence an ounce was charged for Navy Cut, a price which the men refused to pay. They hoped to buy cheaper on shore, but they have not passed a tobacco shop yet.

"It is worse than South Africa," said a trooper. "We got 'bacca and chocolate then. Couldn't you drop a hint for us now, Mr. *Mirror*?"

Still, Tommy Atkins does not sulk. The Duke of Connaught happened to pass a body of men stretched on the moist grass. They were about to rise and salute him, but his Royal Highness made a sign to them not to trouble.

In respect of creature comforts the "Red" defenders have fared better than the "Blue" invaders, having their tents and rations with them.

The men on both sides are now spoiling for a ding-dong battle, and this is expected to-day in the vicinity of Lexden.

WOULD-BE VOTERS.

Curious Claims Made Before a Revising Barrister.

The Courts for the revision of voters' lists commenced their sittings yesterday.

There are fewer singular points to be thrashed out now than when the Redistribution Act was new; but one or two curiosities are to be gleaned from the "reports."

At Deptford the name of the occupier of a house in Edward-street was given as *Jemima Hazlelponi Carpenter*.

The Town Clerk: Wherever did she get the second name from?

The Rate Collector: It is quite right, sir. I looked it up in the Bible. It appears in the 1st Book of Chronicles, 4th chapter, 3rd verse, (Laughter.)

Mr. Alfred Peppercorn, of the firm of Peppercorn Brothers, Deptford Broadway, claimed to be on the list in respect of a room attached to one of the shops.

Mr. Dann supported the claim, stating that Mr. Peppercorn slept in the house and had the exclusive use of the room.

Mr. Munslow said that if this claim were allowed he did not see how they were going to keep off railway directors who claimed in respect of a room at the station where they could sleep and give dinners.

The barrister said he was not satisfied that there was a bona-fide tenancy, and held it over for the appearance of Mr. Peppercorn.

LORD ANGLESEY'S TEA SERVICE.

Three dealers conjointly paid £22 yesterday for the Marquis of Anglesey's gold tea-service, inlaid with precious stones.

They congratulated themselves upon a bargain.

Awakes to the Memory of Her Crime.

PAINFUL SCENES.

No more pitiable sight has been witnessed in a London police court for many a day than the spectacle of maternal misery presented yesterday at Southwark, when Maria Jane Martin sat sobbing in the dock, under a charge of drowning her three young children.

While the painful story of the tragedy was unfolded the distraught mother buried her face in her handkerchief and wept.

A feature of the case had reference to a letter said to have been left by the accused woman.

With reference to this a Holloway wardress spoke of having seen her write something, and she identified the handwriting of the letter as "rather like" the other, except that the writing in prison was better.

For a portion of the time in Holloway the prisoner was unconscious, and it was the obstreperous conduct of a "remand prisoner," who broke a window, that restored Martin's memory. Since Monday she had seemed quite rational.

No Mention of the Crime.

Talking to witness in prison, the hapless mother said she remembered getting the children's breakfast ready, but never spoke of the drowning.

Lily Honisett, a sister of the accused, gave her evidence in tears. She recognised the letter found on the table as being in the handwriting of her sister.

The defending solicitor interposed to say that the letter was a privileged communication, addressed to her husband, and the objection was noted.

On the day of the tragedy, said another witness, Mable Thomas, the accused came across the square smiling and asked after witness's baby.

Sorrowing Sisters.

The police sergeant who stopped the prisoner in the Broad Walk at Hampton, described her as being in a dazed condition.

In reply to his questions regarding where she lived, and whether she knew where she then was, she said "I don't know."

Before committing her for trial the magistrate asked Maria Jane Martin if she had anything to say.

"No," faintly answered the heart-broken mother.

"She pleads not guilty and calls no witnesses," said the solicitor.

As the woman was taken away her sister clasped her neck, and the two sorrowing sisters embraced each other affectionately.

The incident deeply-affected those who witnessed it.

ACTRESS'S "TAIL."

Strange Scene at a Maida Vale Hair-dresser's.

A violent scene between an actress and her perruquier over a "tail" of hair was described to the Marylebone magistrate yesterday, when Miss Nancy Desmond, of Portsdown-road, Maida Vale, summoned Louis Rees for assault.

A few months ago, said Miss Desmond, she called at the shop of Rees, in Clifton-road, to have her hair dressed.

Although she was in a great hurry Rees persuaded her that she needed a tail of hair, and she allowed him to cut off a lock as a pattern, and left ten shillings as a deposit.

When she called for the tail she found it did not match. Rees accused her of having had her hair dyed, which was untrue.

On demanding the return of the deposit Miss Desmond said she was pushed by the shoulders, thrown down, and kicked on the mouth.

To enable the policeman who was called to the shop to give his evidence Rees was remanded.

For putting a quantity of common white pepper on the open wounds on a pony, which had injured itself by falling, an Ealing costermonger named Joseph Cutting was at Brentford yesterday sentenced to two months' hard-labour.

Fels-Naptha

Go buy it and go by the book inside the wrapper.

Go by the book.

Go buy Fels-Naptha and go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E C

Famous Specialist's Explanation of Puzzling Cases.

Why do bridegrooms suddenly vanish on the eve of their wedding day?

The question has a special significance in view of the number of missing groomsmen lately. A *Mirror* representative yesterday sought a solution of the problem from Dr. Forbes Winslow, the famous mental specialist.

"In some cases," said the doctor, "it may be due to hypnotic suggestion, but not in every case. In a great many instances it is an indication of a more or less weak mind. You would hardly find anybody in their sober senses go so far and get so near and then take a totally opposite course."

Dr. Winslow related many cases where, upon something grave or exhilarating happening, the mind had become unguided. The subject had been aware of the possibility of a nervous breakdown, and then, having reached a particular point, the psychic force, which had been developing for some time, suddenly became cumulative in its effect, and the subject was unable to control himself.

"This state of mental apprehension," added the doctor, "is technically known as folie de doute."

"You put a letter in an envelope," he said, to illustrate his definition. "Suddenly you forget whether you have done so or not. That is folie de doute. It is a want of confidence in yourself."

A curious case of mental disorder was given. "I remember a lady who would go to a church on the Continent, where the concierge is paid a certain sum. Hours afterwards she would suddenly jump up from the table and say: 'Oh, I'm sure I didn't give enough to that man,' and rush off to post a number of stamps. That is a form of insanity, and a form which is hereditary."

COMEDY IN THE STALLS.

Rich American Youth's Devotion to an Actress.

An unadvertised comedy which is being played nightly at the Shaftesbury Theatre is affording no little amusement to those who are in the secret.

The part of heroine in this stage aside has been thrust upon Miss Maisie Follette, the very chic Miss Boston in the "Song of the Cities" scene.

But the leading man has no place upon the stage. He is to be found every night in the front row of the stalls.

He is the rising hope of a Chicago money king, and since he first saw Miss Follette play in "The Prince of Pilsen" in his native city his heart has throbbed only for her. When "The Prince of Pilsen" came to England he came also, and has never failed to put in an appearance before the rise of the curtain.

But now the American admirer's extreme sense of loyalty to his adored one has introduced discord. Determined that there shall be no stint of applause while Miss Follette is on the stage, in the "Song of the Cities," he has engaged the services of a claqué. Nightly the generous applause of the genuine audience is supplemented by that of the "hired fan" in the gallery.

[A photograph of Miss Follette appears on page 8.]

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES.

The strange disappearance of Mr. Carl Rumpf, the wealthy Antwerp merchant, is still occupying the attention of the police.

The missing merchant's friend, who applied at Bow-street for assistance, is unable to suggest any explanation of the curious letter in which Mr. Rumpf intimated that by the time the letter was received he would be dead. He was not known to be in any trouble—domestic or financial.

No news has yet been heard of John Huggins, the missing Fulham husband.

DEATH FROM DISAPPOINTMENT.

Disappointed at the non-arrival of her young man from Hamburg, Bertha Bruckmann, a young German servant in the private service of the manager of De Keyser's Hotel, had on more than one occasion talked about "going into the water if there was not a better day in store for her."

On Monday her dead body was found in the Thames, and at the inquest yesterday at Lambeth a verdict of *Found Drowned* was returned.

CONVIVIALITY AT SEVENTY-EIGHT.

At Scarborough Board of Guardians yesterday it was mentioned that the outdoor relief which had been allowed to an old woman seventy-eight years of age had been stopped on account of her drinking habits.

A Guardian (much surprised): Did you say seventy-eight? She is keeping it up a long time. (Laughter.)

"I will take my boots off to save you the trouble of doing so after I am dead," remarked John Grender, an Islington market porter, to his wife before committing suicide by taking oxalic acid.

Son Prevented from Seeing His Dying Father.

Though Charles Montague lay at the point of death in the London Hospital from a sudden seizure, it was stated at the inquest yesterday that his son, a lad of seventeen, was not allowed by his employer to go and see his dying father.

Coroner and jury were unanimous in condemning such cruel conduct. A policeman stated that when he called upon Messrs. Bunt and Co., of Horseferry-road, Westminster, by whom the lad was employed, Mr. Newton, the manager, refused to let Montague attend the inquest. He also explained that the lad "didn't wish to go to see his father."

The coroner questioned the lad and asked if this were true.

Montague: I was afraid of losing my job, sir. The Coroner: Ah! just what I thought. What did the manager say to you?—He said if I went I should lose it."

"What are your wages?"—"Two pence farthing an hour."

"Is that what everybody is paid?"—"Some only get twopenny."

The manager was asked whether it was true he refused information in the case.

Mr. Newton: Yes. It is our rule that no one shall leave his work.

The Coroner: Rubbish. Do you mean to say that if a person is dying you refuse to allow a relative to go and see them?

Witness: I must plead to an error of judgment.

The Coroner: I have never heard of such a thing before in all my experience. It is a serious thing, I may tell you, to interfere with justice in this manner.

The matter then dropped.

CRIMINALS OUT OF TOWN.

Extraordinary Shrinkage in Police Court Business.

At Southwark Police Court yesterday morning there were only ten fresh cases, and only five of these were "drunks."

This is something of a record for Southwark. On Wednesday the cases were only twelve all told, and of these only nine were "drunk and disorderly."

Most of these cases were disposed of in less than eleven minutes, and the police are taking a welcome holiday. Southwark Police Court, it may be added, sometimes deals with one hundred cases per day.

A *Mirror* representative went post haste to Southwark to chronicle a new and happy era, an era of sobriety and absence of crime, but he found that the cause of all this police-court peace was that a large section of the community had gone "hopping."

Southwark side streets are deserted. Rows upon rows of empty tenements accentuate the general gloom. Deserted public-houses, empty shops, idle factories, all are mute witnesses to the wholesale exodus, which is one of the largest ever seen in recent years.

Ten thousand souls by all accounts have deserted Southwark for the fields of Kent.

PUZLED BY A BEGGAR'S DOUBLE.

Two slightly paralysed London beggars resemble each other so closely that the police hardly know which is which.

One of the men, Thomas Williams, when charged a fortnight ago at Westminster, denied that he had been previously convicted. It must have been his double.

As the result of inquiries, however, Williams was shown to be a saucy, drunken, and abusive beggar, and that was enough to get him three months yesterday.

STRANGE CASE OF "MISS SMITH."

Fatherless and motherless, and known simply as "Miss Smith, lady's companion," a woman of about thirty, who had been staying at a Vauxhall lodging-house, was found dead on the railway near Battersea Park.

At the inquest yesterday, when an open verdict was returned, it was stated that most of the food given her during the last fortnight was found in her portmanteau with seven empty whisky bottles.

BLAMED HER SWEETHEART.

Found with some of the property stolen from a pawnshop, Maggie O'Gorman, a barmaid, of Myddleton-square, Clerkenwell, explained that her sweetheart had given it to her, and he had since sailed for Buenos Ayres.

She denied all knowledge of prosecutor's salesman, who is now missing. The jewellery stolen is worth £305.

At Southwark yesterday the girl was remanded.

An old woman of ninety, residing at Apenradi, Austria, has just cut two new teeth, which she is said to be able to use with great advantage.

Police Puzzled by Mysterious Wanderer.

STRANGE WINDSOR CASE.

The mysterious woman found wandering aimlessly about the streets of Windsor has at last broken silence.

When she was first taken charge of by the police in the early hours of Wednesday morning she resolutely refused to open her lips. But yesterday, in an unguarded moment, she allowed herself to be led into conversation, though she said little which can assist in disclosing her identity.

The female searcher at the police-station asked her during the morning whether she would like to wash. The woman answered, "Yes, please," and her questioner, following up the advantage, asked in matter of fact tones whether she had any father or mother.

She answered: "I have got a father and step-mother, but I don't know where they are. I have also got brothers, and sisters, but I don't know where they are, either."

Only a Shilling.

After adding that she had been to Isleworth, she relapsed into silence, and would not utter another word.

Only a shilling was found in her possession. The name, Kate Hubon, was written in her hat. On the way to a ward at the workhouse, where she was taken by the Chief Constable's instructions, she smiled, but preserved her accustomed imperious demeanour when anyone questioned her.

The relieving officer says that in his long experience he has never met a case of the kind. In his opinion the woman is only about eighteen years of age. She is about five feet in height, and when found was wearing a navy blue dress, with a wide blue silk band round it. She had on a small black jacket, and wore a black straw sailor hat.

The case seems undoubtedly one of partial loss of memory. A telegram was received yesterday inquiring whether the young woman was possibly a girl named Alice Griffin, who is missing from Bristol, but there seems little likelihood that such can be the case.

PALMISTS SENT FOR TRIAL.

Magistrate Upholds Prosecution by a Private Person.

Mr. Plowden decided at Marlborough-street yesterday that the palmistry cases which have been before him for several weeks past ought to go before a jury.

He therefore committed Charles Stephenson, otherwise known as "Keiro"; Mrs. Stephenson, the former's wife; and Charles Fricker, known as "Voga," for trial on charges brought under the Witchcraft act of 1735. Bail was allowed as before.

In giving his decision, the magistrate referred to some remarks made on the previous day by Mr. Newton on behalf of the defendants. Mr. Plowden said that he thought Mr. Newton's comments about the prosecution having been brought by a private individual were uncalled for.

Any private person, he continued, was at liberty to institute a prosecution, and there were instances on record where such prosecutions had brought about beneficial results.

QUICK BREAD.

It is claimed by the inventor of a new patent baking process that dough can be made ready for the oven in something like ninety minutes.

Another of the many benefits insisted is the increased yield of from five to six loaves per sack of flour.

It is also pointed out that "quick bread" remains sweet after seven days.

The picture, "Mudlarking," which appeared on page 8 of yesterday's issue, was taken on the beach at St. Bees, Cumberland, on the Furness Railway.

For the Blood is the Life.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is warranted to Cleanse the Blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Blackheads, Pimples and Sores of all kinds its effects are marvellous. Thousands of Testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1904.

WIVES FOR SALE.

A YOUNG man of Belfast advertises his wife for sale, as he has had enough of her. He complains that she is good-looking, but no use at darning. She likes being dressy.

He is a poor man, and she was never intended for a poor man's wife. This is a frequent cause of discord between young married people.

Young people of the middle-class marry on the most attenuated means with a brave hope that something will turn up and prospects brighten.

To his consternation the bridegroom finds that his young wife is superior to domestic knowledge. She does not know how to save the halfpence in her housekeeping. She, too, likes being dressy.

Then children come, and prospects do not brighten. The income is the same, the necessary expenditure far more.

The rift appears in the lute, and from it spring nagging, discontent, and neglect.

The couple will not face the exposure of the Divorce Court or a legal separation. Each would be glad to sell the other to the highest bidder.

Parents are greatly to blame for this state of things. They are glad to get their daughters off their hands, as the phrase goes. They should be sorry, unless the girls are well provided for.

Some modified form of the French *dot* system would be of use to prevent these hidden tragedies of the home.

If every bride had a dowry, however small, to which the bridegroom should add a sum agreed to be within his means, quite apart from furnishing expenses, etc., the couple would start with some provision.

It is the insecurity of marriage which makes the many young men fight shy of it. Some recognised plan of provision for the future before the ceremony, instead of after, as is the present practice, would do more than anything to increase the number of marriages and the happiness of the contracting parties.

THE KING'S STATESMANSHIP.

The representative of the Navvies at the Trades Union Congress created a tremendous sensation by calling the King our only statesman.

His reasons were that the sword had never yet solved any problem, and King Edward was a lover of peace.

The problems in his mind were domestic and more or less personal.

The King, undoubtedly a great statesman and diplomatist, is concerned with international relations.

The great mistake the increasing intelligence of the British workman makes is to miss the due proportion of things.

The nearest way to a readjustment of home and domestic political difficulties is to first smooth out relations with our Continental neighbours.

Once the feeling of security is introduced and the fear of the sword (which, in point of fact, has always eventually settled the direst problems) is lulled, at least for a time, then our statesmen, of whom, with all due deference to Mr. John Ward, of the Navvies, we have several, will be able to devote more time to domestic affairs.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

God give us men! A time like this demands Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatterings, without winking.

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their dumb-worm creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

John G. Holland.



Russia (to the Angel of Peace): Now, don't you butt in. I insist on there being no interference until I crush my foe into the earth.—("Minneapolis Journal.")

READERS' LETTER-BOX.

THE MUMMY'S CURSE.

Here is a little thing that, I am sure, will interest *Mirror* readers:—

Yesterday I packed most carefully a box of eggs, fruit, etc., which was carried by hand a slight distance. When it arrived at its destination the only thing damaged was one egg.

On examination I found that it had been wrapped up in a piece of the *Mirror* on which was printed the photo of the "Haunted Mummy!" Another of the long series of more than coincidences! M. THOMSON.
19, Royal-parade, West Croydon.

WOES OF HOSTESSES.

The hostess who has to entertain the weird pets which you chronicle is certainly to be pitied, but so is the hostess who has merely to entertain dogs.

Recently a friend of my son came to stay for a month. He arrived without any warning that he was bringing four dogs. I am very fond of dogs, but imagine my feelings when I encountered two huge deerhounds, a bulldog, and a spaniel on the staircase.

No doubt they are excellent dogs, but he had brought them straight from a wild Scottish moor, where they had run absolutely wild. My small London house, which does not even boast a garden, was their first taste of civilisation.

I cannot imagine any hostess more deserving of pity than myself. K. J. FULLER.
Earl's Court.

WHAT THE MOTOR MAY DO.

Change in the human form, caused by addition of the motor-car to the facts of life, is not likely to stop at the evolution of a dust-proof nose. Special motor eyes would probably come even sooner.

As a hint to "Mother Nature," I suggest that they should be about as large as the head of a pin, and protected by a special horny but transparent eyelid. They seem to be the only solution to the dust and flying insect problem. Burnley. S. J. MAYO.

Perhaps in time the motor-car will give rise to a new breed of dog. It is obvious that none of the present varieties will be able to find a place on the earth when once the automobile is in general use.

Public zoological gardens had better start collecting specimens of the domestic dog while they are still to be had. M. D. L. FELLOWS.
Cambridge-terrace, W.

A WOMAN OF THE MOMENT.

MISS MARIE CORELLI.

SHE is the voice of that great section of society which thinks a little. She does not voice that small minority whose existence is dependent on their intellects, or that body whose existence is dependent on their physical strength. She speaks of, for, and to those whose lives lie in the happy groove between these two extremes, that great class which makes up four-fifths of this world of ours.

To them her word is law. What she says, is. What she thinks, should be.

And the woman herself, what is she? A little lady with fair hair, blue eyes, and a comfortably-rounded figure—what the Scots call a "sonsy body." That is this seers, who rules the minds of many millions of the English-speaking peoples. She knows the value of doing things—of never being forgotten—of well-organised mystery. She learnt long ago that curiosity is the strongest spur to the imagination—that an authoress whose everyday life is not public property holds a strong position to-day.

She struck a new line. She did things. Libel actions—letters to the Press—against the Press—against everything—served her turn. Even a humble farthing proved itself more valuable than fifty interviews.

Fame achieved, what has she done with it? Much. She has started many people reading who never read before. She has planted in their minds the desire to read the thoughts of others. That alone is good, for they will read the thoughts of greater thinkers than Marie Corelli.

Then she has the negative virtue of never having done harm. No character in any book of hers has set up as a model a man or woman for whose presence the world would be any the worse. Many a popular writer cannot say as much.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

The Hush Before a Storm.

Not a breath stirs the foliage of the trees in the heavy, still, torporific oppression. Not a bird twitters. Not a movement disturbs the stillness. Not a sound breaks the silence. Not a child attempts to play while Nature is in this sullen mood. Scarcely seems there air to breathe, nor strength to breathe it.

Oh, for the wild passion of storm and of deluge to end the fearful hush; to roll out mighty, reverberating peals of thunder; to flash out vivid, burning streams of light; to pour down great floods of rain. Come storm, come passion, come even disaster, but at least break this hush of pulseless vacancy, and give us once more air that we may breathe.

MR. JAMES LOWTHER, M.P., who is lying so dangerously ill, is one of those people who have no love for the orator whose eloquence is enforced by shouting. An Irish M.P., Mr. Edward Synan, used to annoy Mr. Lowther very much by his loud voice. One day Mr. Synan rose to speak, and Mr. Lowther at once got up to leave the Chamber. An irate Irish member, feeling that the proper place for the Chief Secretary for Ireland, as Mr. Lowther then was, was the Treasury Bench, shouted after him: "Where are you going?" Mr. Lowther shouted back, as he disappeared, "I'm going out on to the Terrace to hear Synan." It is reported that Mr. Synan tried to lower his voice afterwards.

Sir Arthur Lawley, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal, who is just now on his way home to England for a holiday, has had few more difficult people to deal with in his diplomatic career than the Queen Regent of Swaziland, whom he had to visit last year.

At the first meeting of the Queen who, to put it delicately, is a far from prepossessing person, insisted on whispering all her remarks into his ear. At the next meeting she pouted like a spoiled child, but Sir Arthur was stern, and she gave up her bad temper. Next day she made up her mind to captivate the firm, white man, and proceeded to parade the village, wreathed in smiles, and dragging at her heels a rosy elephant, which had been presented to a small son of the late King. As he had restored her a good temper he prepared to depart, but only firmness and much tact delivered him from the ordeal of being kissed by the coquettish lady of colour.

A CHILD-LOVING JUDGE.

Fate has struck Judge Parry the sorrow blow possible, for no man ever loved children better, and the loss of his small daughter by drowning will be a terrible loss to him. It is about ten years now since he turned his literary gifts to writing children's books, and earned the love of all children and most "grown-ups" with "Katawampus." Several other books of the same nature have followed, and achieved an almost equal popularity. Judge Parry has the distinction, besides his literary work, of being the only Judge in the history of Great Britain who has actually been shot at in his own court.

He had just delivered judgment cancelling the certificate of a bailiff of the court, named William Taylor, and ordering him to pay certain fees, when Taylor, who, unobserved by anyone in court, had crept round to the raised dais, on which the Judge sat, fired three shots from a revolver in quick succession. Two bullets struck the Judge, one on the chin and one on the throat, wounding him severely.

Yesterday was a delightful day at the Gloucester Musical Festival, for Miss Muriel Foster sang the contralto music of one of Sir Hubert Parry's oratorios. Very early in life it became necessary for Miss Muriel Foster and her twin sister, Hilma, to earn their own livings. They at first studied to become teachers of singing, but a scholarship and professional engagements caused a change of plan, and the two sisters soon established themselves in public favour by their soprano and contralto duets.

A correspondent has sent me the following anecdote of Mr. Zangwill, whose "Merely Mary Ann" was produced last night. In the days of his early obscurity Mr. Zangwill sent a poem to an American magazine. In due time it was returned and packed away. Then came fame, and Mr. Zangwill decided to test the literary honesty of that magazine. The identical MS. was sent, and immediately on its receipt he received a cablegram offering to buy the "world rights."

WAR HUMOUR.

Bobby (to his sister's "young man"): Do you know what daddy calls you, Mr. Tovey?
Mr. Tovey: No, Bobby. What is it?
Bobby: He calls you Port Arthur, 'cause you take so long to surrender.—"Punch."

Little Willie: Say, pa, what's the good of war, anyway?
Pa: It takes a lot of brass bands to the front, my son.—"Chicago Daily News."

"What's that building, pa?"
"That, my son, is the Temple of Peace."
"What's it for?"
"It's a sort of club where nations wrangle between wars."—"Life."

As we understand the current interpretation of international law, the seizure of a vessel on the high seas is a mistake or an act of piracy according to the size of the navy of the victimised nation.—"The Washington Post."

"Wouldn't it be a fine idea to establish book stations in the Russian Army so that the Russian soldiers could be supplied with good reading material?"

"But why favour the Russians rather than the Japanese?"
"Well, I wanted the Russians to have the books, so that he who runs may read."—"Cleveland Plain Dealer."

GLIMPSES OF THE NEWS

"MISS BOSTON,"



Played by Miss Maisie Follette in The Prince of Pilsen "Song of the Cities," is the charming heroine of an unadvertised comedy at the Shaftesbury Theatre every evening.—(See page 5.)

RHYL EISTEDDFOD.



Hwfa Mon, the Archdruid, at the Eisteddfod which is now taking place at Rhyl.—(Wickens, Bangor.)

VIEWING THE MARQUIS'S BEST.



Quite a large number of people flock round this wardrobe shop in Victoria-street, S.W., where some of the wonderful garments purchased at the Anglesey sale are exhibited in the window.

VIEWS OF MUKDEN THE REFUGE OF THE RUSSIANS



Mukden, from the city wall, looking towards the Bell Tower. Note the curious street decorations and signs.



The old north-west gate at Mukden, where the retreating Russian convoys passed through in their flight before Kuroki.



Another view of the Manchurian capital, taken on the old wall in the east side of the city.



Showing the lofty and almost impregnable walls of the City.—(Photos, Underwood and Underwood.)

POLAR BEAR AT THE ZOO.



The young Polar bear at the Zoo. He is quite playful now, and as lively as a kitten, but he will not be so friendly when he grows older. He is seen here posing for his photograph for the "Mirror."

THE RIVAL GONDOLIERS.



Giovanni Moschietto and Nino Salin, who competed in a gondola race in "Venice in London" at the Earl's Court Exhibition. Nino, who is seen on the right of the picture, was the winner.



HOW THE ENGLISH INVADED ESSEX



Bringing ashore a gun-carriage to be used for supporting a temporary landing-stage. In the top corner is a portrait of General French, who is in command of the invading army.



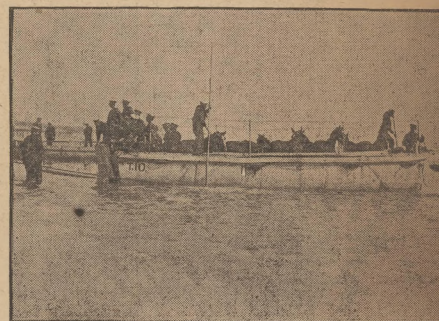
Some of the first batches of invaders landing at Clacton-on-Sea. In the distance is a small tug towing a number of pontoons, laden with troops, to the shore.



Jack Tars digging a trench for a sand anchor, to which can be made fast a shore line from the ships moored off the beach.

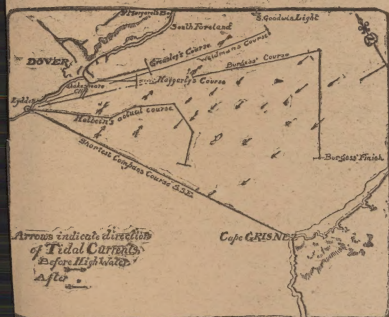


Landing men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers from the ship's boat, for the invasion, by means of a temporary bridge.



Here you see a pontoon from one of the transports, loaded with horses, being taken ashore at Clacton.

THE CHANNEL SWIM.



This map shows Burgess's course and the point where he finished when he made his attempt to swim the Channel on Wednesday. The courses of the other champion swimmers who have endeavoured to accomplish the same great feat are shown above.

SOUTHEAST PICTURE COMPETITION.



We will award each of the above South-east visitors five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen if they apply at the "Mirror" tent on the front.

THE FINISH FOR THE ST. LEGER.



Pretty Polly, Major Eustace Loder's wonderful filly, winning the St. Leger at Doncaster—her fourteenth victory.

FACE PATCHES.

ORIGIN AND MEANING OF THESE STRANGE ORNAMENTS.

face patches, like all other fads, have their exits entrances. It is now about time for them to coming into vogue again. These little artificial spots which look so frivolous were once a part of religion.

It is said that they were originated by a Saxon king, who was canonised after her death, which place near the end of the seventh century.

Why She Wore Them.

His queen led a life of folly and enjoyment till the death of her second husband, to whom she was greatly attached, but then she saw the error of her ways, forsook the world, and entered convent, where she was chosen abbess. She gave herself up thereupon to the most severe practice of religion, which at that time meant a great deal of soap and water, and this course of abstinence, together with long fasting, many aches and other voluntary hardships, caused her pretty face to break out in pimples and blemishes.

Evidently the queen's religious life had not suited her pride in her appearance, for she covered the disfiguring spots with patches; and all her followers, even though they had no blemishes of their own, adopted the patches as being evidences of really religious life. The practice, originated in a convent, was later adopted by a Court.

The Language of the Patch.

No longer a sign of religious fervour, high-born ladies and damsels held regular patch flirtations, and an ingenious belle could say almost anything she wanted by means of her patches.

There were many combinations, and unless the patch was as clear-sighted as the wearer there was always a danger of being thrown off the track by the complicated arrangement, but usually people could tell very well what a beauty was trying to say by the way she wore her patches. Here are a few of the interpretations of a reliable French beauty:—

A woman wore a patch at the corner of her right eye, she was head over heels in love with somebody. A patch at the corner of the left eye signified coquetry, and it is a general supposition that this position was not a thing of beauty in the eyes of female acquaintances.

Eye Shape Signified Much.

A patch of devotion was worn in the middle of the forehead. One worn on the right cheek could be construed as a sign of disappointment. A patch on the lip was translated "coquette," and needed explanatory marginal notes, and a patch in the middle of the chin meant pity.

The shapes of such patches were also significant. A round patch was called the "assassin," a pretty term which indicated the wearer's determination to make matters exciting. The square patch was less belligerent, but not more cheerful, for reserve was the meaning read into it. The triangular patch denoted pity, and the heart-shaped one devotion.

With all this material to work with a clever woman could, by combining certain shapes and positions, convey a most interesting tale by means of her patches.

ARTISTIC NEEDLEWORK.

BELTS AND STOCKINGS ADORNED BY HAND.

A handsome belt, recently fashioned by a woman artist, who carried out her design in embroidery and jewel work, was of black velvet, curving to a rounded point at the back. The design was one of conventional leaves and figures in warm brown, blue, and olive tones, with a touch of dull red and red, the whole suggesting a Persian theme. Jewels were set in this and gold thread worked round them. The manner of doing this is peculiar. The fingers must not touch the thread, it tends to make it curl, so two needles are used in handling it. The making of these belts is likely to afford lucrative work for women, as they are so difficult to bring their price readily in quarters where money is not a consideration.

The very pretty and less ambitious form of needlework is stocking embroidery, and as it is comparatively easy task it should be remembered

Fels-Naptha

Go by the book.

Go by the book.

Go by the book.

Go by the book.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

by girls who like doing needlework in their unoccupied hours. An oval wreath on the instep is a suitable pattern to choose. A single flower or a star-shaped figure of an oval character are devices that are also easily executed.

Lace medallions in black, white, or cream are pretty when properly set into the instep of the stocking. They are best buttonholed there. Also pretty are two bands of half-inch lace insertion, with a fancy flower embroidered as a finish at the head of each band.

Plain black stockings are very inexpensive, but when decorated in this way certainly look much more costly, besides being very lovely possessions.

USEFUL ADVICE.

ODDS AND ENDS OF HANDY INFORMATION.

To make boiled starch, so that the clothes that have been starched with it will not stick to the iron, add to it a small quantity of gum arabic, which has been previously dissolved, and salt.

A good stove polish is made if one teaspoonful of powdered alum is mixed with the stove polish.

of beeswax and spirits of turpentine. It must be remembered that a brush, hot water, or soap should never be used, as they injure the enamel.

To make Russian taffy take a teaspoonful and a half of cream, a pinch of cream of tartar, and one pound of sugar. Boil these ingredients together, but do not stir them, until the mixture hardens in cold water; then flavour it with essence of vanilla, lastly pouring it into a buttered dish.

The best dressing for black leather will be found to be orange juice. Take a slice of orange and rub it well into the leather, and, after letting it dry, brush the leather with a soft brush, and a beautiful polish will result. An excellent cleanser for brown boots is the inside of a banana skin, which should be rubbed evenly over the shoe. When dry polish with a soft cloth.

To take stains from knives, rub them up and down a few times with a damp cloth that has been dipped in emery powder. The knives should then be polished on the board, and when not in use each knife should be wrapped separately in brown paper.

If the hands are powdered well before new gloves are put on, the gloves will slip on quite easily. Plenty of time should be taken over the process.

Marble fireplaces will be greatly improved in appearance if they are rubbed occasionally with furniture polish. They should be rubbed afterwards with a clean duster till they are smooth and shiny.

A FRENCH FABLE.

Balzac narrates the story of a man who owned a wild ass's skin which possessed wonderful virtues. Its owner had but to express a wish and that wish was granted immediately. But in proportion as favours were asked and received the skin became smaller. The more important the wish the more the skin diminished; while small favours caused its size to be reduced only a little. The man regarded the ass's skin as his universal provider, and made such heavy demands upon its powers that soon it was only large enough for the gratification of one more wish. That last wish was granted; but an hour afterwards there remained no trace of the magic skin, and its owner was dead.

Of course this gloomy little tale is not without its moral—a very evident one. It is, that our every act or thought wears away a portion of the substance of which our bodies are composed, just as we cannot take one step without wearing something off our boots. It is the function of food to repair these losses; but before food can fulfil that function it must be digested, a process our organs are sometimes incapable of—hence the existence and world-wide popularity of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The case of Mrs. Frances Swords, of 96, East-street, New Charlton, Kent, well illustrates this.

"The bane of my life," writes this lady, "has been indigestion. On and off it has tormented me for the last fourteen years. At one time my life was regularly spoiled by it. The very sight of food almost made me sick, and what little I did contrive to force down wouldn't digest. Then, too, there was the dull continuous pain at my chest and between the shoulders. After trying numerous medicines without avail, I came at last to what should have been first—Mother Seigel's Syrup, and was completely cured by that remedy in the course of a few weeks."

Mrs. Swords's letter from which these few sentences are taken, is dated 30th March, 1900; but on 7th April, 1904, she again writes to say that there has been no return of her old complaint, her health continuing excellent.

The twentieth century knows nothing of magic but much of science. One of the triumphs of science is Mother Seigel's Syrup, to which Mrs. Swords owes her cure, because it maintains the human body in a healthy condition, and thus fulfils the dream of scientific men in all ages—the lengthening of human life.



Specially drawn for the "Dai' Mirror" by Miss HOARE.

The coat with a double cape, vaguely reminiscent of the Inverness, is a most comfortable model to choose now. Its points are in keeping with the prevalent vogue for just the suggestion of a shawl. Chalk-white cloth might well materialise the model shown above, the handsome passementerie trimming of which introduces blue, scarlet, and gold, while big, gold buttons provide a finish to the whole.

SWEET ODOURS.

The latest notion is the scenting of the dress skirt by means of a dozen little flat hearts filled with sachet powder hung by very long ribbons from the belt line underneath the skirt.

Exquisite odours that suggest the colours of the gown are again the fad. White, mauve, pink, violet, and all the other dyes have their appropriate scents. Even the little tulle choux worn at the back of the neck are made to exhale fragrance and cause the girl who loves sweet odours to scent the air like a perfumer's shop as she passes.

"Sweet Friends" is the title on dainty volumes in white and gold that simulate real books, but are in actuality boxes. On opening the book it is found to be a box of exquisite bon-bons.

The brilliance obtained in this way will last for a long time.

Jam may be kept free from mildew by dipping rounds of white paper into the white of an egg and laying them on the tops of the jars or pots. Cover the pots closely, and the jam will keep perfectly clear of all mildew for a considerable length of time.

Whalebone that has become bent in corsets or dresses can be restored and used again if it is soaked in water for a few hours. When the bones are bent straight and dried they will be found as good as new.

Bicycle enamel may be brightened by being washed with a large soft linen cloth and lukewarm water. It should then be dried thoroughly with a soft cloth and afterwards polished with a solution

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Miss Corelli's Latest Heroine Examines Her Suitor in the Thirty-nine Articles Before Accepting Him.

Agapemonites and others who like their theology freely diluted with love, and their love plentifully sanctified by theology, should lose no time in ordering the latest work on these subjects, "God's Good Man," a novel, by Miss Marie Corelli.

The authoress, with her well-known modesty, calls it a "simple love story," but of its claim to "simplicity" readers may take a different view. Miss Corelli does herself an injustice. She is delightfully complex. And in reading her latest novel one does not know which to admire most, the love, or the theology.

Theology gets the first chance. The "author's note," at the beginning of the volume, takes the form of a parody of two of the petitions of the Litany. The author writes:

For all sins, whether of omission or non-omission, of construction or non-construction . . . gentle reviewer, be merciful unto me.

From violent misquotations, from sentences garbled and randomly set forth to the public

without context . . . may an honest Press deliver me.

Then we are introduced to the love element, with which from the very beginning theology is subtly blended. The lover is the Reverend John Walmer, rector, or, as Miss Corelli prefers to call him, "minister," of the village of "St. Rest," which, judging from an observation of one of the characters, is apparently near Brighton. John is "God's good man." He falls in love, although his "unconventional curls are dashed with grey," with a piquant, sprightly young woman, named Maryllia, who is mixed up with, though not in the heart of, the smart set. He marries her in spite of the slanders of another rector, or "minister," certainly not "God's good man," according to Miss Corelli's description of him.

In fact, this latter "minister" is a specimen of that shocking type of Church of England dignitary that Miss Corelli has lately pulverised in a magazine article.

His face is red, his bulk enormous; and as he stoops down to adjust his bicycle he nearly splits his tight-fitting clothes. When he rides, his per-

spiration is elegantly Missed by Miss Corelli.

He is of him and his kind that the Bishop in whose diocese the various anxious and theological happenings take place says: "The Church in these days has become merely a harbour of refuge for hypocrites who think to win conventional repute with their neighbours by affecting to believe in a religion not one of whose tenets they obey." And the poor Bishop is so distraught with the horror of it all that he talks of "going over to Rome."

The love-cum-theology mixture is worked with great skill into the proposal scene itself. Before Maryllia accepts the "good man" she puts nearly the whole of the thirty-nine articles to him one by one, and asks whether he really believes in them. Not until satisfactory answers have been obtained does theology merge into kisses.

Then "their eyes met, and in one glance love flashed a whole unwritten history. He caught her little hands in his own, and pressed them against his heart with strong and passionate tenderness."

Orthodoxy and Cigarettes.

Before this scene, John, in his capacity of theologian, had had a tiff with his beloved on the subject of cigarettes.

She was "pacing restlessly up and down, the folds of her dress with the 'diamonds' sparkling around her as she moved, like a million little drops of frost on gossamer, while her small head, lifted proudly on its thin, arched throat, seemed to his heated fancy as though crowned with fresh coronals of gold woven from the summer sun."

Yet John lectured this magnificent vision on the enormity of smoking cigarettes. "No halles smoked cigarettes," he said, with the accent on the

"ladies," and he added: "There have been no adulterated-supplicants and politicians in England since the smoking has become a daily necessity with them than were ever known before."

The story ends with a charming composite chapter, in which the theology is supplied by the quotation of scripture by the Bishop, and the love by the tender hugging of Maryllia by John. The last two lines leave them hugging.

FIGHTING QUEEN WOMAN.

Society Formed for the Protection of Man's Sights.

A society for the protection of the rights of men is in process of formation.

One of the strangest features about the society is that its secretary and guiding spirit will be a well-known lady writer, whose views on the decadence of the modern woman will find most ample expression in her future work.

The society has two tasks. The first of them is, of course, the protection of men by advocating changes in the existing state of society.

It is felt that a time has come when women's wavering between two spheres of action should be dealt with, and that men should not be handicapped in the stern fight of life by certain concessions to adversaries who presume upon their chivalry.

Several minor matters will engage the attention of the society.

The first is the fighting of breach of promise cases for male plaintiffs; the second the rewarding with some special distinction wives whose treatment of their husbands merits special recognition.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. D. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (continued).

For a moment Gramphorn was too dumbfounded to speak. A dozen questions flashed through his brain; but he gave utterance to none of them. The possibility of Stanton being alive had never occurred to him. Yet how simple the deception seemed, now that he knew the truth. But it was hardly credible that any man should sink so low.

"Tell me all about it," he said hoarsely, after a long pause. "I will give you £1,000 if you will tell me everything." The captain's eyes twinkled; but he was, in his own brutal way, an honourable man.

"I've been paid to be silent," he replied curtly. Gramphorn looked at him, and slightly raised his eyebrows. He scarcely grasped the character of the man. He did not quite understand how a man, who had threatened a cold-blooded murder, could refuse a large bribe for the utterance of a few words that would cost him nothing. Captain Smail suddenly appeared in a new light.

"Two thousand pounds," said Gramphorn. The captain scowled at him.

"Look here, Mr. Gramphorn," he said, "I've told you too many already. But you saved my life, and I thought you'd like to know. And I did it to avoid trouble. If you bring me into the dock I shall confess everything, and prove what I have said. Till you do that I shall keep my mouth shut."

Gramphorn knitted his brows in thought. He could pretty well guess what had happened. The whole affair had been arranged between Captain Smail and Stanton. The suicide was the farce. Stanton had not jumped overboard till the *Susannah* was near at hand to pick him up. This much was evident. There was only one thing that Gramphorn wanted to know.

"Where is Mr. Stanton?" he asked bluntly. "I don't know," replied the captain. "And I did, I should not tell you. Let us bale out the boat. It will keep us warm, at any rate."

The men set to work, and never exchanged another word. In less than twenty minutes a large fishing boat, which had noticed their sorry plight, bore down on them and took them on board. The Dorothy was ignominiously towed back to Deal. When they had landed, Captain Smail held out his hand, and Gramphorn took it in silence. And both men parted with a certain respect for each other's character.

When Gramphorn got back to his rooms that night he changed his clothes, had a hot bath, and felt little the worse for his misadventure. But his mind burned with fury and indignation against the man who had played him such a low trick. Stanton, in his suicide's grave, had been in some measure an heroic figure. But Stanton alive, and in all probability, prosperous, had to be looked at in a very different light. His letter was no longer the conscientious confession of a dying man, but a gross act of treachery. In the days of this sort, white-faced, heart-broken, in mourning for the man she loved. Bah! He could not bear to think of it. The fellow was a cur.

Yet a more impartial critic might almost have sympathised with Stanton. It takes a lot of trouble to drive a presumably honourable and high-minded young fellow to a device of this sort.

Before Gramphorn went to bed that night he had resolved to find out George Stanton, and exact from him full reparation for the wrong he had inflicted on Juliet Ammerle. In the days of his prosperity Gramphorn would have found this an easy task. But at present he was not even on equal

terms with the man he desired to ruin. Yet, as he slept that night, he dreamt of Stanton, ill-clad and half-starved, cowering outside the stage door to catch a glimpse of the woman he loved. Gramphorn had raised the young engineer from poverty to affluence. Surely the hand that had lifted Stanton from the mire was not too weak to hurl him back to his original surroundings.

The next morning as Gramphorn sat at breakfast a small paragraph in the "Daily Telegraph" caught his eye.

A Mr. Harry K. Burt has caused some sensation in Wall Street by his daring and stupendous dealings in American Rails. He is said to have made a large fortune.

Gramphorn laid the paper down, stared thoughtfully at his cup of tea for a moment or two, and then burst into a laugh.

"What is the matter, John?" asked his mother with an anxious expression on her withered old face.

"I have been looking for two people, mother," he replied cheerfully, "and—I think I have found both of them."

* * * * *

Gramphorn left Deal that morning, and before ten days had elapsed he was in New York. He had no difficulty in finding Mr. Harry Burt, and at once identified him as George Stanton. The young man had grown a beard and moustache; but this only served as a thin disguise to his features, and his voice and eyes were unmistakable. Gramphorn did not disclose his presence, and returned to England by the next boat. Before leaving, however, he made a few inquiries about Mr. Burt, and learnt that he was reported to have married a girl, a naturally handsome woman.

Directly he landed he drove straight to Edwardes-square. He was determined that Juliet should know the truth at once. He was actuated by an honest desire to remove a great sorrow from her life. It did not even enter his mind that the revelation of Stanton's deception would leave the way clear for the accomplishment of his own desires.

He found Juliet alone, and she greeted him with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. But he noticed that a minute afterwards her cheeks resumed their natural pallor, and that her eyes grew dull and hopeless—the eyes of one who has nothing further to look for in life.

"I have some news for you," he said, after they had talked for a few minutes on theatrical matters. "In a way it is good news, but it will be a great shock to you. Can you hear it?"

"I think I can bear anything now," replied Juliet sadly. But she clasped her hands nervously together, and Gramphorn could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"You are a brave woman," Gramphorn said quietly, "but you will require all your strength to hear what I am going to tell you. I have just been over to New York. I have seen a certain friend of ours. He was supposed to be dead." Juliet rose to her feet with staring eyes and outstretched arms. She tried to speak, but the words died away on her lips.

"He is not dead," continued Gramphorn. "On the contrary, he is very much alive, and is now a very rich man. They say he is worth half a million of money. I have seen Mr. George Stanton with my own eyes. He is doing well."

Juliet gave a cry of joy and, swaying for a moment, fell forward in a dead faint. Gramphorn was just in time to catch her in his arms before she struck her head on the fender. He picked her up, laid her on the sofa, and rang the bell. When the maid entered he told her to fetch some cold water. In five minutes Juliet had opened her eyes.

"Thank God," she murmured, "thank God for this." And then she shuddered. The servant brought a small glass of brandy and water, and Juliet drank it with a wry face.

"You can go, Matry," she said; "I am all right now."

When the servant had left the room Juliet rose to her feet with a bewildered look on her face.

"Tell me everything," she said, and Gramphorn told her the whole story.

"Is it true?" she cried, when he had finished; "is it true? It cannot be true. Oh, say it is not true."

Gramphorn looked at her in surprise. He hardly understood the sudden revulsion of feeling. The joy at the news of Stanton's safety had changed into horror as Juliet realised the truth, as it was slowly borne in upon her that the man she loved had committed this monstrous act of deception.

"Tell me it is not true," she cried; "oh, tell me it is not true."

"It is true," said Gramphorn, sternly; "I thought you would be glad."

Juliet looked at her mourning, and nervously ripping a small piece of crape off her sleeve, tore it into shreds, and flung them on the floor.

"I cannot believe this of any man," she said, slowly. Then she laughed bitterly. "Oh, no; it is incredible, impossible! Why do you lie to me?"

"It is true," replied Gramphorn. "Come, Miss Ammerle, you must be brave. This man is not, and never has been, worthy of you." Juliet looked at him suspiciously. She expected another declaration of Gramphorn's love. The idea occurred to her that Gramphorn had concocted this story for his own ends, but a look at his face disarmed her suspicions.

"You can easily satisfy yourself that it is true," he said quietly. She looked at him expectantly. His face was cold and hard. It was quite evident that he was not going to say anything about his own love. She realised that there was a man who could be magnanimous even in his silence. She recalled all that he had done for her, and the fact that she had repaid him nothing. She contrasted her own life with the life of the man who had brought him so low, with the man who had made her suffer (to make that was worse than death. She moved forward timidly, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Mr. Gramphorn," she said softly, "a short time ago you asked me to marry you. Do you still want me for a wife?"

Gramphorn's eyes flashed, and a wave of passion transfigured his face.

"Want you?" he cried, fiercely, "want you? Why, my whole body and mind and soul long for you, and you know it, Juliet, you know it."

"I will marry you," she replied simply. For answer Gramphorn gripped her wrists and glared into her face.

"Do you love me?" he cried savagely. She was silent and turned away her face.

"Do you love me?" he repeated; but still she was silent.

"You do not love me," he cried, "but, by God, I will make you." And, drawing her close to him, he held her in his powerful arms and covered her face with kisses. She did not resist, but she did not respond to his embraces. Her heart was dead.

CHAPTER XXIX. The Second Mrs. Wilkinson.

As Juliet drove down to the theatre that night her mind was a chaos of dark and tumultuous thoughts. In spite of her quarrel with Stanton, she had still looked up to him as an honourable man, and when she heard that he was dead, all his offences had been purged, and he remained to her as a bright memory of happier days. Death had shrouded all his shortcomings and illuminated all his virtues. She kept his photograph on the mantelpiece in her bedroom. And every night, as she looked at it, she prayed to God that she might be faithful to him all the days of her life.

But now her faith had been cruelly shattered.

The true character of her ideal had been laid bare to the daylight. He had betrayed his friend, and had inflicted a cruel and brutal wrong on the woman who loved him. Juliet groped vainly in the darkness for one single ray of light, one single white fact which would relieve the blackness of his conduct.

It was only when her thoughts turned to Gramphorn that she found any foothold in a world that seemed to be breaking to pieces all around her. Here was a man whose love for her had ruined all the highest hopes and ambitions of his life—a strong, self-reliant man, who was still powerful enough to protect her from evil. She had given herself into his hands, and had at last been able to partly repay him for all that he had given and suffered. She did not love him. But she could always honour and respect him. The only calm and clear thought in the agonised tumult of her brain was that she had done right in trusting her future to John Ammerle.

As she got out of her cab, she noticed the stage-doorkeeper in violent altercation with a woman. A small girl stood slightly apart and watched the wordy combat with a look of terror on her pretty little face.

"Yet get out o' 'ere," said the man roughly; "don't want the likes o' you 'angin' about the stage door."

"I am honest," cried the woman in a shrill voice, "and I'll stay here till I see Miss Ammerle. Shame, shame on you, you call yourself a man, you great hulking brute—"

"What's all this?" asked Juliet, coming up to the angry woman. "What's the matter, Dixon?"

"This 'ere woman, ma'am," said Dixon, "as been plaguing me ever since I've seen you."

"Well," queried Juliet softly, "and why should she not see me?"

"She's a beggar, ma'am," the man replied, but the woman turned on him with fury in her white, pinched face.

"I am no beggar," she cried, and then she burst into tears.

"I have never married, I tell you," she sobbed. "I want work; I'm starving. The child there, she's starving. I want work. I used to be a dresser in a theatre. For pity's sake, madam, find me some work."

Juliet looked at her, marked the cultured tone of the voice, noticed the neat but shabby black dress, the white, worn face, and in the background, the timid, shrinking figure of the beautiful child, and she was moved to pity. Her own suffering had made her very sympathetic.

"Come to me after the piece is over," she said, "and if I can do anything for you, I will. Dixon, see that these people are brought up to me when the piece is over."

At eleven o'clock the woman and her little girl were shown into Juliet's luxurious dressing-room. They stood out like blot of ink against the white walls and carpet, and the gorgeous dresses that hung from pegs all round the room.

"Well," said Juliet, "what can I do for you?"

"Work," said the woman, "a job at the theatre. Dresser—anything. I once dressed Miss T—," naming a famous actress.

"Who are you?" asked Juliet, "what's your name?"

"Mrs. Wilkinson," the woman replied, "a widow. This is my only child. My maiden name was Alured. I come of a good family, but I married beneath me."

"Alured?" said Juliet, "Alured?" as though trying to recall a name. Then suddenly she remembered.

"Any relation to the Alured who was murdered," she asked.

"Dare I?" replied the woman, "I married Arthur Wilkinson. He was well to do once. He worked for Mr. Gramphorn. Wilkinson died six months ago." Juliet laughed bitterly. It seemed quite a common thing now for dead men to come to life.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

THE POISON ROMANCE OF THE CENTURY.

Madeleine Smith Buys More Arsenic.

HER LOVER TOTTERS BACK INTO LIFE.

Madeleine Smith, a beautiful, young Scotch girl, was tried in Edinburgh on June 30, 1857, for the murder of her lover.

Without question the lover, Emile L'Angelier, died of poisoning, for in his body were found, after death, no fewer than 88 grains of arsenic.

After an historic trial, made more notable by the production of a passion series of love letters from Madeleine to L'Angelier, the jury returned a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven."

During our study of the Maybrick case this great trial and remarkable verdict were often mentioned; striking parallels between the two cases were established, and a request came from many of our readers that we should relate the circumstances of the older tragedy.

The motives urged against Madeleine Smith at her trial were (1) that she had tired of her secret intrigue with L'Angelier, a penniless clerk, whom she knew her wealthy parents would not let her marry; (2) her family was forcing her into an engagement with a neighbour, a Mr. William Minnoch, a prosperous young Glasgow merchant; (3) L'Angelier would not release her, but threatened to show her terrible love letters to her father.

L'Angelier recovers, only to be struck down again by the same mysterious hand.

CHAPTER XI.

Madeleine Buys Poison—L'Angelier's Second Seizure—Did He Suspect His Mistress?—Fresh Words of Love.

We will leave L'Angelier, if you please, for a few moments; we will leave him gasping himself back into life in his solitary room in Franklin-street. And we will watch Madeleine for a few hours, and see if we can discover in her actions anything that may be looked upon as a cause for the very decided effects happening to her lover at the other end of the town.

On the afternoon of February 21, a few days, it will be remembered, after L'Angelier's first attack, Mr. George Murdoch, of the firm of Murdoch Bros., druggists, Sauchiehall-street, was engaged in one of the back rooms of the shop when his assistant called his attention to a lady who wished to purchase a small quantity of arsenic. He went forward and recognised Miss Madeleine Smith, the daughter of a family who were customers of his. Madeleine bowed and repeated her request for sixpennyworth of arsenic. Mr. Murdoch named the form that was required in the sale of arsenic, and requested to know for what purpose it was needed. The girl answered, "For the garden and the country house." Mr. Murdoch knew that Mr. Smith had a country house on the Gare Loch, and he directed his assistant to put up the arsenic.

While this was being done, the chemist himself made the following entry in the book, which Miss Smith signed: "February 21.—Miss Smith, 7, Blythswood-square, sixpennyworth of arsenic for garden and country house—M. H. Smith."

It was common white arsenic mixed with soot in the proportion required by the Act. Miss Smith returned to Murdoch's shop three days after; she called and inquired if arsenic should not be white. The chemist said it required to be sold any more arsenic than that, but went away. Now, that arsenic, it was about an ounce and a half, Madeleine told another witness that she wanted for the rats at Row. But the servants who knew most about Row gave evidence that there never were any rats there. She had also said that the gardener had been told to get rid of the rats, and that he wanted to try arsenic. That, too, was a lie, and was admitted as such at the trial.

DID THEY MEET THAT NIGHT?

Well, let that be as it may, we have got this solid fact. On February 21 Madeleine has an ounce and a half of arsenic in her possession. And now we can get back to L'Angelier.

As we have said, through those three days, Friday, the 20th, Saturday, and Sunday, he was groping his way back into convalescence. He was still a sick man—very sick—but he was better. On Monday morning, February 23, at four o'clock, before the dawn had come, his landlady was summoned by a hurried cry of agony to his bedroom, and found him once again stricken down by that cruel, merciless hand, the identity of which no man will ever know. Let us pick up her narrative at this point. No story, however elaborate, however dramatic, can match the simple force of this old woman's words, when she says of all she has seen and heard, uncompromising details of a human being

stricken down again and again—yet again and again battling for life.

"He called me about four o'clock on Monday morning. He was vomiting. It was the same kind of stuff as before, both in colour and otherwise. I think not so much. He complained of the same pain in his stomach, and of thirst. He was very cold."

Then comes a break—"I was not aware," says the old lady, in a parenthesis, "that he was out the night before—he said nothing about being out." So we shall have to look to other evidence to show where L'Angelier had been between this fatal four o'clock in the small hours of Monday and the evening before, when those in his house who had seen him described him as convalescing, eating again, in better spirits after the severe illness of the preceding Friday.

AGAIN ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

To continue the landlady's story: "I put more clothes on him, and jars of hot water to his feet and stomach. I made some tea, and he had a great many drinks—toast and water, and lemon and water. He got a little better. I left him, and called about six. He was then a little better. He did not rise, stayed in bed till the forenoon."

A doctor came, Dr. Thomson, on the Monday. Thuan went for him in the forenoon. I do not remember the hour Dr. Thomson saw L'Angelier. He left a prescription for powders. I sent for them and got them."

So that was the second blow. Once more clear symptoms of arsenic poisoning, which took the victim to the brink of the grave, held him hovering for a minute, and then suffered him to get back. Accordingly, if these mysterious besetments are to be cleared up, it becomes imperative that we should try and find out what L'Angelier had been doing before this second seizure.

Said his landlady, "He had complained on the Saturday night of feeling very well, and contented. How ill he had been two nights before, this was not surprising." To her he said that he did not intend to go out on Sunday. "I don't remember asking how he was on Sunday. On that Saturday he was taking fresh herrings, with sauce of eggs and vinegar, and I said 'That is not good for you.' I said they were not good at that season. He used much vegetables. I said, 'I always got them at college, and was never the worse.' He said he was at college in France. I cannot say if he was out on the Sunday. I think I would have recollected his asking for the key, but Thuan sometimes let him in."

A DAMNING FACT.

We come to a letter written by Madeleine on Wednesday, February 23, as the prosecution declared. If that is a true hypothesis, if the internal evidence of the letter proves that it was written on this date, as the Crown declares it was, then it contains a sentence which clearly proves that L'Angelier and Madeleine met and talked on the Sunday night, the 22nd, and the hiatus between his convalescence and his second seizure is filled up. "You did look bad," she wrote, "Sunday night and Monday morning. I think you got sick with walking home so late—and the long want of food. So the next time we meet I shall make you eat a loaf of bread before you go out."

And here the links in the chain, forged by the Crown to connect Madeleine with her lover's illness:—

(1) February 19, lovers meet late at night. Next morning L'Angelier is found violently ill.

(2) February 21, Madeleine buys arsenic.

(3) L'Angelier recovers from his illness of the 19th-20th. We trace him round to Madeleine's house on the night of February 22. In the early morning following he is found a second time sick almost unto death.

(4) Her letter shows that she might not have been unaccustomed to give him food in the course of those assignations.

WHAT DREAMS MAY COME.

For eight days after that second illness L'Angelier remained in the house. He was entirely changed. Never again did he recover his looks and health. When he managed to scrape up enough strength to bed himself down once more to his desk his fellow clerks looked with astonishment upon the face of one whose deathly pallor meant almost that he had risen from the dead. His complexion was gone. There was a hectic spot on either cheek. From a youth full of health and strength he had become a frail and tottering old man, and during the last eight days of February, while he lay there in the bed in his room with no strength to move, no appetite, nothing but that overpowering lassitude and that everlasting thirst, what were the phantoms that flitted through his brain? He knew that these two strokes were not the result of some normal illness. He realised very early that he was doomed to die, and that which gave him only a poor chance of life. The doctor came daily and gave him medicines and powders. "I recollect," said the old landlady, "L'Angelier taking one or two powders. I cannot say if he took the rest. He said he did not think that they did him the good he expected." And after the doctor's visits L'Angelier would say, "The doctor always says I am getting well. But I do not think I am getting better." He said this often—said he never felt he was getting better.

But his brain was busy all that time, and on the brink of the grave who can say what dreams may come, did he know for a certainty that he was dying? Was he, in administering that deadly poison? Or was a dim consciousness growing up

in his brain that his death would mean much to another? And that he was marked out to die?

This much is certain. He had his own theory about the apparent cause of his two seizures. He told friends that these had come after drinking coffee and cocoa. He could understand the second beverage disagreeing with him; but he could not understand why coffee should make him ill. There we have one glimpse into his mind; after he gets on his feet again and goes among his friends we shall see what he comes round to see Miss Perry, his old friend, on March 2, and again on March 9.

At the first of these visits, as Miss Perry related, "He was looking extremely ill. When he came in he said, 'Well, I never expected to have seen you again. I was so ill.' He said he had fallen on the floor, and been unable to ring the bell. He did not say what he was so weak, but from circumstances I knew that it was the 19th February. He did not tell me he had seen Miss Smith on the 19th. He told me of having had coffee and chocolate, which had made him ill. He told me of that on the 9th March. He took tea with me on the 9th March. We had a conversation, but not long. On the 2nd he said he could not attribute his illness to any cause. On the 9th he said, 'I can't think why I was so unwell after getting that coffee and chocolate from her.' I understood he referred to two different occasions: 'her' meant Miss Smith. He was talking about her at the time."

And then comes this significant portion of Miss Perry's evidence. She is still referring to that second visit—March 9 it was—and it also was the last time that she saw L'Angelier alive. He began talking of his extreme attachment to Miss Smith. He spoke of it as a fascination. He said, "It is a perfect fascination. My attachment to that girl; if she were to poison me I would forgive her." I said, "You ought not to do that. She might be a very bad girl. What motive could she have for giving you anything to hurt you?" He said, "I don't know that; perhaps she might not be sorry to be rid of me." Miss Perry continued: "All this was said in earnest, but I interpreted the expression 'to be rid of me' to mean rid of her engagement. From what he said there seemed to be some suspicion in his mind as to what Miss Smith had given him, but it was not a serious suspicion. I never saw him again alive."

BACK TO LIFE AGAIN.

In his last words to Miss Perry on that occasion he said he had heard Madeleine was to be married, and also that he had offered to her some months before she was married. He said he was not sure if he was not broken off. Some time afterwards she wished him to return her letters, and she would return his. He refused to do this, but offered to return her letters to her father. That is what he told Miss Perry.

Whatever the floating notions which coursed through his brain during those eight days that he spent in his house after his second illness, with returning strength, he dove them away. He continued to receive tender letters from Madeleine, which must have helped to dispel any suspicion in his mind. "I am so sorry to hear you are ill," she writes in one letter. "I hope to God you will soon be better. Take care of yourself. I shall be very glad to hear you are well. I have not felt very well these two last days, sick and heavy. Everyone is complaining; it must be something in the air. . . . I am longing to meet you again, sweet love. We shall be so happy. I have a bad pen, excuse this scrawl, and Bessie is near me. I cannot write at night now. My last letter I wrote in the day, so I am so tired that I cannot sit up as usual to do—but I am taking some stuff to bring back the colour. I shall see you soon again," and the message ends up with the usual assurances of love.

I DO HOPE YOU ARE BETTER.

On February 27, two days later, she passes his window in Franklin-street, and looks up, and catches a glimpse of him. "I do hope you are better," she writes that same evening. "Keep well, and take care of yourself. I saw you at your window."

While L'Angelier was recovering—his second recovery—during the early days of March, Madeleine was in the neighbourhood of Stirling during her visit was not by any means to Madeleine's liking. She writes in that letter, "If you would take my advice, you would go to the South of England for ten days; it would do you much good. In fact, sweet pet, it would make you feel like a new man. Do try and do this. You will please me by getting strong and well again. I hope you won't go to Bridge of Allan, as Papa and Mama would say it was I brought you there, and it would make me feel very unhappy. Stirling you need not go to, as it is a nasty, dirty little town. Go to the I. of Wight. I am exceedingly sorry, love, that I cannot try you etc. I go. It is impossible, but the first thing I do on my return will be to see you, sweet love."

The inward meaning of this letter said the Lord Advocate at the trial was this: "She had made the attempt at poison on two occasions, and had failed. Apparently her heart was somewhat touched, and probably she thought that if she could get him out of the way she might have her marriage with Mr. Minnoch over without his knowledge, after which it would be easy to get her letters."

(To be continued.)

MARY ANNE.

Mr. Zangwill's New Comedy at the Duke of York's.

Mr. Zangwill's comedy in four acts, entitled "Merely Mary Anne," was produced last evening at the Duke of York's Theatre. It deals with the poetic and idyllic elements of emotion and character that may grow and develop themselves even amid the prosaic surroundings of a South London lodging-house, kept by a lady so absolutely unromantic as to bear the name of Mrs. Leadbatter.

The play opens in the hall of Mrs. Leadbatter's lodging-house shortly before midnight, when the various lodgers are returning home and retiring to their apartments. Poor Mary Anne brings the act to a close by putting up the chain, locking the door, and extinguishing the lights.

Mary Anne, in spite of her humble situation, is possessed of a romantic nature, which is brought into evidence by her attachments to Dick, her canary, whose twitterings, heard throughout the play, impart to it an element of idyllic relief, and to Lancelot, a young musical composer, whose struggles with music publishers and other prosaic personages who render the magician's lot one of not complete felicity, form a portion of the subject matter of the story.

THE ETERNAL FEMINE.

Though called into a lowly state of life, there are within Mary Anne something of the eternal feminine, and a striving towards the beautiful in life—qualities that appeal to the idealist composer, Lancelot, whose chops and cheeks she ministers to him with such tender care.

But, even after he has to a certain extent accepted the devotion that she pours out at his feet, he is disillusioned by the rough condition of her hands, and requires her to wear gloves to conceal this harsh texture from his too sensitive eyes.

And then the god descends from the commonplace, and there is a mighty change in the fortunes of Mary Anne—now no longer poor, but the inheritor of a huge fortune! But love sometimes elects to fly out at the window when wealth instead of poverty comes in at the door; and so Mary Anne's great inheritance does not bring her the desire of her heart at the first, for Lancelot leaves her and they do not meet again until six years later.

The meeting-place in which they come together at last, after she has accustomed herself to the atmosphere of wealth and refinement, and he has gained the success in music that we have seen him struggling to attain to in the earlier acts, is the very beautiful drawing-room of Mead Manor Hall.

MARY ANNE IS A LADY NOW.

This luxurious and tasteful interior, with its air of social distinction, gives a background to the final love-scene that is in sharp contrast with those earlier surroundings of the idyll, that unfolded themselves in Mrs. Leadbatter's hall and in Lancelot's bed-sitting-room in the same establishment.

The part of Mary Anne was very pathetically interpreted by Miss Eleanor Robson, who repeated last night in London the success that she has achieved all through the United States of America. Very tender and simple and natural was she, and her performance was well-considered and highly finished.

Another excellent item from the American presentation of the play was the Mrs. Leadbatter of Miss Ada Dwyer—a highly satisfactory representation of the London lodging-house keeper.

Mr. Henry Ainley, whose chief London success hitherto has been in the part of Paolo in Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "The Sign of the Cross," a turgid and effective figure of Lancelot, the musical composer; and Mr. Gerald du Maurier, as Peter (in business) and the friend of Lancelot, added an element of finished and lightly-touched comedy to the play, which was well cast and staged throughout.

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DOVER.—Comfortable Boarding House; ladies, 12s. 6d.; gents, 14s. 6d.—Allingham, 5, Marine-place.

GOOD Apartments to let.—Write for terms, 190, Dover-st. Folkestone.

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CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 91 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; army, professions and commerce; excellent corps of scholars; at V.B.E.K.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys under 13; 48-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

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A BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT: 68 articles, 21s.; worth double: Robe, Daygowns, Nightgowns, Flannels; apron, Call or write, Mrs. Scott, 251, Abchurch-lane, Shepherd's Bush.

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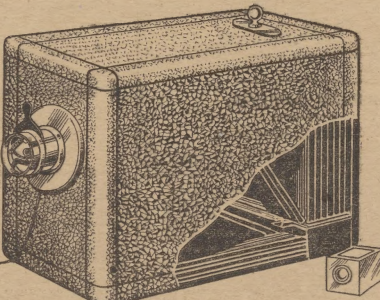
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17/9. LADY'S 56 6d. SOLID GOLD (stamped) KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved case, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' warranty, week's trial. Sacrifice, 37s. 9d. Another, superior quality; sacrifice 25s. Approval.

10/6. HANDSOME 55 6d. SERVICE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY, 12 Table, 12 Service Knives, Carvers, and Steel; Crayford Ivory balanced handles; unused; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

8/6. CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled; in Morocco case. Sacrifice, 8s. 6d.; approval before payment.

5/9. HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIN, genuine 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, choice design, in Morocco case, 5s. 9d.; another, heavier, exceedingly beautiful pattern, extra long. Sacrifice, 7s. 6d. Approval before payment.

6/9. FIELD, Race, or Marine Glass, 40 achromatic crystal lenses, in saddle-made sling case. Sacrifice 6s. 9d. Superior quality ditto. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval before payment.

9/6. MAGNIFICENT 23 3s. 1-plate HAND CAMERA; takes 12 plates, time and snapshot shutter, with developing and printing accessories; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval willing.

8/6. rich and lustrous long Fur Necklet, with colours Muff to match; worth 3 guineas; sacrifice, 8s. 6d.; approval willing.

16/9. MAGNIFICENT 45 6d. PHOTOCAMERA, with aluminium trumpet lever action, with 4s. 16d. Records; lot, sacrifice, 16s. 9d.

LADY'S MAGNIFICENT 55 6d. solid gold half-HALF-HOOR BANGLE, large lustrous stones; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval willing.

55 15s. ELEGANT NEW SEALSKIN JACKET, latest style, with saddle-made sling case, 2-guinea case, also storm collar, richly lined; worth £30; great sacrifice, £25 15s. Approval willing.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 28, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

9D. WILL buy 3s. 9d. worth of artistic Picture Postcards; sent free; no rubbish or common ones.—Publisher, 6, Grafton-st., Clapham.

Wanted to Purchase. Ladies' Wearing Apparel purchased; highest prices.—The Agency, 219, Upper-st., Kingston.

STAMP Collections and rare Stamps bought for prompt cash.—Healey, 14, Wormwood-st., E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTHMA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Long-st., London.

BUNION OINTMENT.—Cures tender feet, corns, chilblains; 14 stamps.—Chloropid, 15s. Regent-st., London.

CORNS banished; acts like a charm; 7d. post free.—Needham's, Ltd., 297, Edgware-rd., London.

DAINTY TEETH FOR LADIES.—We are artists in the art of giving teeth a sweet, clean, and healthy appearance; 10s. 6d. each; 2s. 6d. each.—The People's Teeth Association, 13s. Strand, London, W.C.

DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN HEAD.—Gentleman (Cured) Himself will Send Particulars of Remedy Free.—H. Clifton, 21, Amberley House, 35, Waterloo-rd., London.

EYEGLASS OMBRE.—Marvellously successful; guaranteed to produce long eyelashes; 2s. 6d.—Miss Carol Bromley, 97, New Bond-st. (entrance 333, Oxford-st.), London, E.C.

HEALTH WITHOUT MEDICINE.—Health maintained and restored by simple, effective, inexpensive treatment.—For particulars write Maxwell and Co., Union-court, London, E.C.

IMPROVE your appearance by getting rid of those unsightly Warts; absolute cure in a few days; 7d. or 1s. 6d. bottle; receipt P.O.—Vernon and Co., 2s. 3d., Giles-st., Norwich.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. M. Brown, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st., London (Sat., 100 years).

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted, returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd., Hove, Brighton.

PRIVATE lady, greatly experienced, renovates ladies' wardrobes; also takes material, 6s. perfect modern charges.—Write 1295, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-st., London, E.C.

SHORT STORIES corrected and placed promptly.—Author, 1, Cambridge-rd., Battersea Park.

SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED.—Write Sugar N. House Mills Company, Stratford.

Advertisements under the headings:

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Situations Vacant.

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Partnerships and Financial.

Multiple Instruments.

Pets, Live Stock, and Vehicles.

Businesses For Sale and Wanted.

Appear on pages 2 and 15.

THE QUIET DAY AT DONCASTER.

Sundridge Runs Gallantly in the Portland Plate, but Is Beaten by Santry—Fire Delays Racing.

"GREY FRIARS' NOTES AND SELECTIONS.

DONCASTER, Thursday Night.

The third stage of the St. Leger meeting is generally regarded as an off day at Doncaster, but as a matter of fact the racing was really excellent, and better sport is seldom seen at the best of meetings.

The King did not honour the racing this afternoon. His Majesty engaged himself with motoring through the beautiful district in the neighbourhood of Rufford Abbey. The weather was cold and unpleasant, but there was no lack of enthusiasm among the crowd which again thronged the Town Moor.

The rifle butts, built of brick, and faced with creosoted timber, caught fire early in the morning, and burned with such a mass of flame and smoke that it would have been dangerous, if not impossible, for racehorses to pass it on the round course. So the executive postponed the Alexandra Handicap, which was set to open the day's proceedings, to the last, and started with the Scarborough Stakes at 2.30. This upset delayed racing till dusk, and pleased nobody, albeit the arrangement was the best possible in the circumstances.

Courlan Likes the Town Moor.

Glenamoy and Whistling Crow were very strongly fancied for the Alexandra Plate. Both ran well, but could not cope against Courlan, a horse which has frequently shown really good form on this course. Courlan's easy win was no more remarkable than the sorry display given by Winkfield's Charm, who was tailed off.

Darling's stable started well with St. Day in the Scarborough Stakes, and probably won more over his victory than they lost in the subsequent adventures. Golden Saint and Vril were very prominent, while St. Day lay last in the early stages, but on reaching the elbow in the straight M. Cannon set St. Day going in a final dash, and very smoothly in the old style got him home a neck in front of Golden Saint.

The Bechingham party had betted heavily on Costly Lady on Wednesday evening, and to-day the owner of that filly lodged an objection against the winner, Shah Jehan, alleging that the latter was not eligible, as practically he had been sold, not by Messrs. Tattersall, but by private treaty. As a matter of fact, Shah Jehan passed through the sale ring without reaching the reserve, and then Sir Edgar Vincent appeared and the owner came to terms, referred the matter to Messrs. Tattersall, paid them their commission, and through them concluded the sale. Hence the Stewards to-day, holding that Tattersall had carried out the sale, overruled the objection.

A Wise Precaution.

It was also known that Sir Edgar Vincent had previously taken a satisfactory official opinion on the situation, before running Shah Jehan.

Marlbrough Duchess was pushed very lightly to win the Juvenile Plate from St. Trumpet, but scored by a head, and was afterwards bought in for 250 guineas. It seemed as difficult to pick the winner of the Portland Plate, as if the handicap were another Stewards' Cup, and the majority of the candidates had plenty of support. The champion sprinter, Sundridge, carrying top weight, was honoured with favouritism, and he ran gallantly, but failed by a head to beat Lord Carnarvon's Santry, whose form against Delamoy had induced him to regard him as the most likely winner in the race. Melary, Divorce Court, Sundridge, Santry, Rising Falcon, Be Very Wise, The Doll, Helder Skelter, and Xeny were the most conspicuous after the lot got away in a good start. The elbow turn below the distance is very upsetting on this course. The inside division had some trouble, and from that point home, Santry and Sundridge fought out the finish, a more exciting struggle ending in the defeat of the top-weight.

A Handicapped Division.

Xeny was very unlucky. The heavily-backed Helder Skelter was fourth, and cost the stable a lot of money, probably more than was won over Blowing Stone. This race was largely a lottery, a mere matter of luck, and the division on the outside were extra heavily handicapped.

Sam Darling ran Lord Ilchester's La Joie colt, in preference to The Dhow, in the Rous Plate, but more fancied candidates were Mozart and Nivarnah. The latter, who was a very good model, would win the race five times out of six, but he was knocked about by Mowgli, and the upshot was his defeat, Olivares scoring from Golden Measure after making all the running.

Everybody connected with northern racing seemed to go "nap" on Norham for the Corporation Handicap. Norham won in a canter, and a

similarly easy win was secured by Lord Durham's Feather Boa, in the Wharfedale Stakes. Sceptre has been struck out of the Doncaster Cup, which sporting affair to-morrow is virtually a match between Bachelor's Button and Palmy Days. I expect the last-named will win.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

DONCASTER.

- 1.30.—Danum Nursery—ST. TRUMPET.
- 2.0.—Doncaster Stakes—ADMIRAL BREEZE.
- 2.30.—Prince of Wales's Nursery—PETIT BLEU.
- 3.0.—Doncaster Cup—PALMY DAYS.
- 3.30.—Park Hill Stakes—PRETTY POLLY.
- 4.0.—Westmoreland Plate—BOYCOI.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

PALMY DAYS.

GREY FRIARS.

THE TWO BEST THINGS.

"The Squire's" double for the fourth day's racing at Doncaster is as follows:—

- 3.0.—Doncaster Cup—XPSILANTI.
- 2.30.—Prince of Wales's Nursery—BROTHER BILL.

RACING RETURNS.

DONCASTER.—THURSDAY.

2.30.—SCARBOROUGH STAKES of 100 sovs each, 5 ft. with 300 sovs added, for three-year-olds that have never won a race value 200 sovs before the time of closing. Captain Greer's ST. DAY, by St. Serf—Doncast, 21b.

Captain Forester's GOLDEN SAINT, 21b. B. Dillon 21b. Lord Carnarvon's VRII, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. Reid Walker's DUNMOUTH, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. Reid Walker's DONARIA, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. Reid Walker's DONARIA, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

3.5.—JUVENILE SELLING PLATE of 200 sovs, for two-year-olds, winner to be sold for 200 sovs, if for 100 sovs allowed 7 lb. Five furlongs.

Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. S. B. JOEL'S EVACUATION, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. H. Flavell's c by Victor Will—Cheverton, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. W. B. Purfoy's Egyptian Beauty, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. W. B. Purfoy's Egyptian Beauty, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

4.0.—PORTLAND PLATE of 800 sovs, added to a handicap sweepstake of 100 sovs each, 5 ft. Red House in 6 furlongs, 152 yards.

Lord Carnarvon's SANTRY, by Gallinule—E. P. 3yrs, 71b. 71b. Lord Carnarvon's SANTRY, 71b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. H. Henning's XENY, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. H. Henning's XENY, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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4.15.—ROUSE PLATE of 500 sovs, for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. W. Low's OLIVARES, by Velasquez—Meta 11b. Mr. J. Buchanan's GOLDEN MEASURE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. J. Miller's MOZART, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. J. Miller's MOZART, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. J. Miller's MOZART, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. F. E. Alexander's MOWGLI, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. F. E. Alexander's MOWGLI, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. F. E. Alexander's MOWGLI, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. G. C. KENDAL'S KENDAL PRINCESS, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. G. C. KENDAL'S KENDAL PRINCESS, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. G. C. KENDAL'S KENDAL PRINCESS, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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Mr. W. Sanderson's Grey Leaf, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. W. Sanderson's Grey Leaf, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. W. Sanderson's Grey Leaf, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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Boy, Racing Specialist—Superabundance. Sporting World—Pettit Ben or Claque filly.

3.0.—DONCASTER CUP of 1000 sovs (500 sovs added) for three-year-olds, 10 fms. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, 5 ft. The sweepstakes to be divided between the second and third horses, viz., two-thirds to the second and one-third to the third. Two miles, over the Old Course.

Lord Elmsmere's MARY, 3yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Lord Elmsmere's MARY, 3yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Lord Elmsmere's MARY, 3yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. S. B. JOEL'S EVACUATION, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. S. B. JOEL'S EVACUATION, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. S. B. JOEL'S EVACUATION, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. R. H. Henning's XENY, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. H. Henning's XENY, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. H. Henning's XENY, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b. Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b. Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b.

Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. H. Flavell's c by Victor Will—Cheverton, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. Flavell's c by Victor Will—Cheverton, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. Flavell's c by Victor Will—Cheverton, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. W. B. Purfoy's Egyptian Beauty, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. W. B. Purfoy's Egyptian Beauty, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. W. B. Purfoy's Egyptian Beauty, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

4.0.—WESTMORELAND PLATE (Handicap) of 300 sovs. The Randall Mile. Mr. Ned Clark's Rising Falcon, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b. Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b. Mr. J. B. JONES'S SUNDRIDGE, 9yrs, 21b. M. Cannon 21b.

Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. S. Goodson's ST. TRUMPET, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. R. J. Hannam's GREY TOE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. H. E. Randall's Lady Dicks, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

4.15.—ROUSE PLATE of 500 sovs, for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. W. Low's OLIVARES, by Velasquez—Meta 11b. Mr. J. Buchanan's GOLDEN MEASURE, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. J. Miller's MOZART, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. J. Miller's MOZART, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. J. Miller's MOZART, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

Mr. F. E. Alexander's MOWGLI, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. F. E. Alexander's MOWGLI, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b. Mr. F. E. Alexander's MOWGLI, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b.

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Mr. G. C. KENDAL'S KENDAL PRINCESS, 2yrs, 21b. J. H. Martin 21b

Indigestion

AND SEVERE CHEST PAINS COMPLETELY CURED.



LIFE BECAME ALMOST
UNBEARABLE.

THIS ailment has as many forms as the sunset has tints. Acute pain about an hour after food, relieved when wind is rifted, a feeling of sickness if awakened suddenly in the morning, recurrence of food with a sour taste, a feeling of hunger which disappears as soon as one sits down to a meal, but before a bite is taken gives place to a feeling of nausea—all these mean the same thing. It's the stomach's way of telling you its work is in arrears and it needs a little help. Bile Beans give that help. They permanently cure indigestion, as the following case proves. Mrs. Hargreaves, of 23, Queen Street, Chester, interviewed by a local reporter, said:

"I have suffered for over three years with indigestion and pains in the chest, and during the whole of that time I was in terrible torture. My back and sides ached continually, and life became almost unbearable. One peculiarity of my case was that I had a sensation as of a large hump on either side of my ribs.

"I consulted two doctors, and each prescribed for me, but their medicine only gave me temporary relief. After a time I became just as bad again, and I began to think I should never get better.

"I read in a paper about some remarkable cures which had been effected by Bile Beans for Biliousness, and I resolved to give them a trial. I sent for a box and commenced to take them. Soon after commencing with them I felt better, and as the result of a full course the indigestion has entirely disappeared. My appetite has been fully restored, I am well and hearty, and feel ten years younger. All this, I can safely say, has been done by Bile Beans for Biliousness. I gave some of them to a friend of mine who suffered as I did, and she has also experienced great relief. I shall never cease to be thankful for Bile Beans, and shall recommend them to my friends whenever an opportunity presents itself."

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

If you are in doubt as to whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case or not, write for FREE advice from our fully qualified medical staff. State age, and if Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Address PRIVATE, Bile Beans Co., Leeds.

Bile Beans are the product of modern scientific research, and, therefore, thoroughly up-to-date. They do not merely purge, giving temporary relief only, and leaving the patient weakened, like the out-of-date, so-called remedies of forty or fifty years ago, which contain probably aloes, mercury, and other harmful drugs. Bile Beans, without the slightest discomfort, prompt the liver and digestive organs to act in Nature's normal way, leaving those organs strengthened and stimulated to continue the performance of their duties without further assistance. They produce a gentle action on the bowels, curing or preventing constipation, cleansing the stomach, and ridding the system of all impurities. They can be discontinued after the cure is effected; they are purely vegetable; they do not contain any harmful drugs; and they are the SAFEST FAMILY MEDICINE.

Debility COMPLETELY CURED.

After the heat and closeness of summer debility is always common. Mr. Henry Wm. Bramble, of Elverland Farm, Ospringe, near Faversham, has experienced this. "For over two years," he says, "I suffered from general debility, that evidently arose from my severe attacks of indigestion. Though I tried numberless remedies, none of them ever gave me more than very slight relief.

"As time went on the attacks of indigestion became more frequent and severe. I had always a dull pain in the stomach, with sharp shooting pains in the chest and between the shoulders. Then I spent nights and nights at a stretch without getting a wink of sleep; and when I would drop into a doze it was only to be racked with fearful nightmares. In the morning I arose as tired as when I went to bed, and I felt scarcely able to drag myself along. Anything in the nature of bodily work or exertion was quite beyond me.

"In October, 1903, I had a very severe attack, and when all other remedies had proved quite unavailing, my wife said she would see what Bile Beans could do for me. She had seen them advertised, so she got a supply, and I took them. Within a week from the first dose I felt quite satisfied that they were doing me a lot of good, and I kept on using them. With the return of my appetite and strength, my spirits recovered. My wife says she never saw such a change in so short a time, and I'm sure I have not words to express my gratitude for the complete cure Bile Beans have worked in me."

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS.

SAMPLE BOX FREE.

Send your name and address, the accompanying Coupon, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Leeds, and you will receive Sample Box of Bile Beans for Biliousness FREE.

COUPON.

"Daily Mirror,"

9 Sept, 1904.

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Head-ache, Constipation, Piles, Hot Weather Worries, Summer-end Fag, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anæmia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Redcross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1/11d. per box, or large family size containing three times quantity of small size, 2/9.